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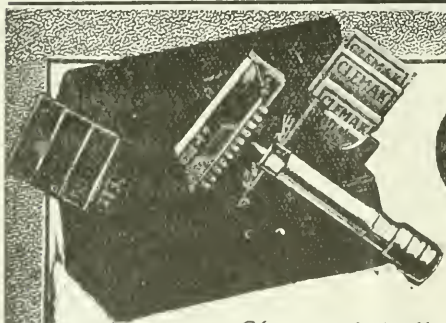
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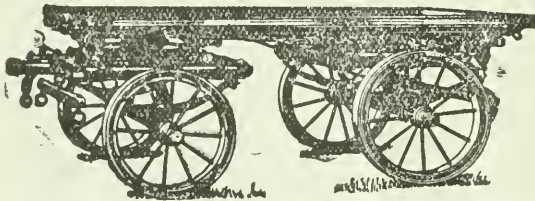
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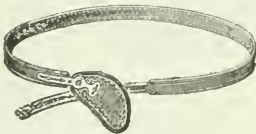


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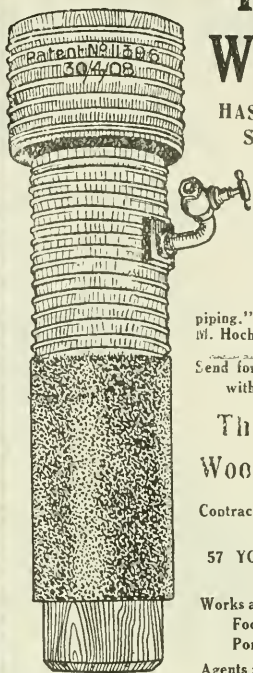
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OF REVIEWS.

EDITED BY HENRY STEAD.

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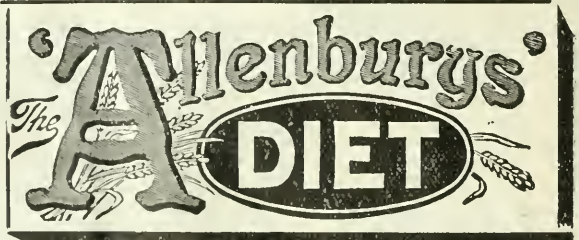
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WHERE THE AUSTRALASIANS ARE FIGHTING.

STEAD'S REVIEW

OF REVIEWS.

EDITED BY

HENRY STEAD.

PROGRESS OF THE WORLD.

MAY 3, 1915.

When Will the War End?

No query is more constantly on the lip than this. The answers are given in a hundred different ways, the majority being dictated rather by hopes and aspirations than after serious examination of the actual situation. Military men themselves differ widely in their estimates of the duration of the struggle, and, although so-called military experts are far more chastened in their views than formerly, they still venture into the realms of prophecy, and some amongst them are sufficiently optimistic to suggest that by the end of the year, by September even, the war will be over. But the ordinary man in the street is showing himself more and more anxious to know whether this superhuman conflict, which has dragged on now for nine months, is going to continue for months, a year, two years, five years, or is it ever going to stop? Amongst all this questioning, all this grumbling, there is a welcome unanimity about one thing—namely, that the Allies must win, and, even if it takes years, the struggle must go on so that when peace is finally made it will be a lasting one, one which will entirely eliminate those forces which al-

ways make for war. This state of affairs can be brought about in the opinion of the great majority only by the utter defeat and humiliation of our enemies; crystallised in a single phrase, Germany must be "beaten flat." Assuming that is the only possible goal for which the Allies must strive, we are able to make some sort of a rough estimate as to the duration of the war. If this definite goal were abandoned peace might come at any moment, with it kept as the *ne plus ultra* to be aimed at the time when peace can be made is obviously a long way off, would hardly be in sight until 1917, if then. This is not a cheerful prospect, and one wonders whether a satisfactory peace could not be made before the "beaten flat" stage is reached. Would it not be possible, for instance, after the Germans have been driven out of Belgium, France and Poland, to make such arrangements between all the European powers that the Prussian military menace would be rendered harmless for all time. It might be quite impossible, but, if it is, the war would inevitably go on until the last pound of copper had been used, and Germany could make no more cartridges or shells.

Neuve Chapelle and St. Julien.

There are those who confidently predict that when the whole of Kitchener's new army is in the field, the German lines will be quickly thrown back, in France and Flanders. They base this hopeful view on the assumption that, with their overwhelming superiority in numbers, the Allies will be able to hurl immense forces at given points, that these human battering rams, supported by a hail of shells, will smash their way irresistibly through the carefully prepared trenches of the foe, and make good the ground so gained because their huge preponderance in troops would foil any counter attacks that could be made. Once through in force, in several places, the Germans would find their trenches to right and left untenable, and would be compelled to retire along the entire front or risk annihilation or capture. The battering rams would then get to work once more, and by similar tactics the Germans would be driven from their new front. So the struggle would go on, but the Allies' advance would be constantly more rapid owing to the demoralising effect on the foe of constant retirement. Now, that reads very nicely, and for ought I know may be a quite possible military feat, but the actions at Neuve Chapelle and St. Julien hardly suggest it. At the first we had a British battering ram supported by an artillery fire, the "fiercest known in history," which succeeded in smashing some three miles forward over the German trenches. Although forced back in places, on the whole the British retained what their rush had given them—and have held on there for over a month; nothing further has happened. The action may, of course, have only been a sort of a trial, which it was not intended to follow up. Apart from that consideration, the only result achieved is that the head of the battering ram has stuck in the hole it made, but has not succeeded in shaking the wall, or making any notable breach. To have advanced another three miles was evidently impossible. Our advance guard drove hard up against the enemy again established in prepared trenches. Had it carried these and smashed

farther forward a still longer flank would have been presented for the German counter-attack on left and right. To win those three miles cost us more ammunition than we used during the whole of the Boer war, and took a frightful toll in lives, for apparently there were over 20,000 casualties.

The Other Side of the Shield.

The Germans in their turn made a three-mile advance in the Ypres neighbourhood, although, instead of clearing the way for their human ram by a terrible hail of shells they made use of poisonous gases in defiance of the rules of war and civilised practice. They advanced on a far wider front than the British did at Neuve Chapelle, and won much more territory than did we, but the Germans, like the British, hit their heads against new lines of trenches, gave ground before furious counter-attacks, and before they could convert the captured trenches to their own use, lost some of the most important points they had won. Now, these two actions seem to show that it is practically impossible to make any notable advance without expending an almost unthinkable amount of ammunition and losing a horrible number of men. Undoubtedly they have demonstrated to the British people the immense task before us, but there is no slackening amongst the Allies, only a grim determination shown that, despite the cost, the thing must be seen through. Of the ultimate outcome no one has the slightest doubt. In the light of these engagements the ordinary man, without any pretence of military knowledge, would naturally assume that, unless the enemy lack ammunition or men, they are impregnable on the western front. The only hope of breaking through is that the British blockade will result in a shortage of copper, the attack on Austria in a shortage of men to man the western trenches.

The "Ungetatableness" of Germany.

We sometimes lose sight of the nearness of the Germans to vital points in France. They are 23 miles from Dunkirk, and 45 from Calais. Their entrenchments are probably visible from the tower of the noble cathe-

dral of Amiens; from Paris to Soissons, their most advanced position, is but 45 miles. Rheims is controlled by their artillery. They are to the north and south of Verdun, still close to Nancy. A few miles' advance might mean the loss of places of the first importance to the Allies. On the other hand nowhere, save in the Alsace district, can the Allies strike at any spot vital to the German defence. According to American correspondents, line after line of trenches cover the country behind the fighting front of the Germans. Even if the enemy were forced from the present Soissons, Cambrai, Lille, Ypres, Nieuport battle ground they would fall back to a shorter line running from Antwerp through Brussels to the Meuse, still entirely outside their own country. This line, like the present one, could not be turned, for it would be anchored at one end on the Dutch frontier, on the Swiss at the other. Driven from this position, they could take up another, with Liège as the northern limit. It is here, rather than on the Rhine, that the most tremendous stand would probably be made, for it is a far shorter line to defend than is that made by the famous stream. In driving the foe back the Allies would not have touched a single vital spot. This inability to hit Germany seriously makes the task of the Allies far harder. The great industrial centres are quite unget-at-able. Krupps is separated from danger by the whole breadth of entrenched Belgium. Everything points to the crushing of Austria, as the only road to the ultimate defeat of her redoubtable ally. As I have often shown in these notes, the dual kingdom is the only weak joint in the German armour. The thrust which lays the German Empire prostrate will have to be delivered through this vulnerable spot.

The Australians in Turkey.

Naturally our interest is concentrated on the Dardanelles and the doings there of our gallant men. Official reports and statements from Grecian sources tell us actually very little of what is happening. But whatever is going on we all have unbounded faith that the valour and steadfastness of the Australasian

troops will not be found wanting. The last two months' events have, alas! given ground for Lord Charles Beresford's stinging remark that the Dardanelles operations up to the present were rather like a piece of amateur strategy. It looks as if the authorities had assumed that the forts guarding the channel had, in the usual Turkish style, been allowed to become out of date, and inefficient. That was the only explanation of the attempt being made by the fleet alone. I assumed, and, under the circumstances, most people must also have thought, that the effort to force the Straits would never have been made had the War Office not been in possession of information which convinced those in command that our ships would only have to deal with forts armed as they were five or six years ago. Had that been the case, the Dardanelles could have been forced quickly. Instead, the warships found themselves opposed to heavy ordnance cunningly concealed from the gaze of aviators, impossible to locate and knock out until they had inflicted heavy loss. The failure to get through quickly gave the Turks, under German direction, time to prepare for a tremendous resistance when the need for the liberation of the Russian grain ships made the forcing of the Dardanelles absolutely imperative. This means that the attacking forces will find themselves opposed, not only by war-hardened Turkish veterans, very different from the rabble which came to Suez, established in carefully prepared trenches, but will also have to meet artillery cleverly arranged to reinforce the natural defences of hilly Gallipoli.

The Dardanelles.

As far as we can gather from reports from all sources, including Constantinople and Berlin, troops were landed some three weeks ago at Enos, at Bulair, at Suvla, and at Sedd-el-Bahr. Bulair is situated on the three-mile-wide neck of land which joins Gallipoli to the mainland. Enos lies on a shallow harbour at the mouth of the Maritza River, which now forms the boundary between Turkey and Bulgaria. It is fifty miles west of Bulair. Troops would be landed there presumably to block any Turkish army advancing on Bulair,

which might force the neck on the Marmora side, protected from the guns of the warships in the Gulf of Saros by the hilly backbone of the isthmus. The debarkation at Cape Suvla would certainly be accompanied by a landing of Allied forces at Sari Bair, the natural spot from which to attack the forts commanding The Narrows. The easiest landing of all will have been effected at Sedd-el-Bahr, under the guns of the battleships, which now control the Dardanelles channel for nearly ten miles from the entrance. The French landing on the Asiatic shore, at Kum Kalem, was, we are told, merely a feint, intended to keep troops employed which might otherwise be used on the peninsula, and to facilitate the British landing at Sedd-el-Bahr. The former is possible, but in view of the Allied control of the entrance, the latter explanation is obviously absurd. Whatever they landed for, they soon departed back to their boats. Driven into them, according to Constantinople—following out a set programme according to Athens. It is, of course, possible that at present the peninsula only is being attacked, and that once in possession of that, the control of the Straits is secured. At the same time a landing on the Asiatic side would seem to be imperative to hamper the passage of men and munitions across the channel. The attack on the tremendously formidable defences of the Dardanelles indicates how greatly the Russians need the supplies of munitions of war waiting to get into the country, how urgent the necessity to bring Russian grain to market, in order to balance the ledger of Allied finance.

On the Eastern Front.

Whilst the official reports from Petrograd are reassuring, and tell of uniform success, it is noticeable that whilst at first these told of Austrian reverses in Hungary, in the Passes of the Carpathians, only places in Galicia now find mention in them. Fighting is going on at Strij, a place fifty miles to the east of the Uzsok Pass, which we hoped was in Russian hands. Clearly, the Austro-German forces hold all Bukowina, and most of south-east

Galicia must be again in their possession, otherwise there could be no continuous fighting at Strij. So long as the enemy are in the position they now hold, there is not the slightest chance of the Russians attempting to swarm on to the plains of Hungary, where, last month, huge headlines announced they already were. To venture across the Passes with the foe in Bukowina and Southern Galicia, and the Germans still close to Warsaw, and many miles east of Cracow, would be like going through the neck of a bottle, and inviting the enemy to put in the cork! Practically no news at all has come through about events in the north, although the Germans have failed to take Ossowiec, the key to Warsaw. Russian resistance there is magnificent, and shows that forts are not doomed the moment the dreaded Austrian howitzers are in place. From the extreme northern parts of East Prussia the enemy have made what is described as a foray into Russian territory. Petrograd officially describes this movement as "obscure." Hindenburg has often done things which, at the time, seemed useless, but later turned out to be a necessary part of a well-thought-out movement. The long inaction of the redoubtable field-marshal is not a reassuring sign, unless it indicates that his forces have been greatly weakened for the new offensive in the west. A very improbable supposition in view of the new two million German soldiers in the field. The Russians are not likely to make any very great effort until the Dardanelles are forced, or the coming of summer permits the importation of munitions of war, *via* Archangel.

On to Calais.

For some reason the Germans seem to think that if they can once get to Calais, the war will end in their favour. Why they think so it is difficult to understand, for, although undoubtedly the possession of that port would be exceedingly inconvenient to Great Britain, might even at times enable the Germans to temporarily hold the Straits of Dover, troops could not be taken across to England from there, as it would be impossible for the Germans to get any transports to put them in.

Still, there is no doubt about the German feeling, consequently we may expect the foe to be prepared to sacrifice immense numbers of men in order to smash through the Belgian and British lines, which at present stand between them and their desire. Because of this unaccountable German obsession, the most critical spot in the hundreds of miles of battle front is not in the east, not in Alsace, not even at Soissons, but in that little triangle of land, all that remains to King Albert of his former flourishing and happy kingdom. There at the greatest point of danger stand the British troops. Men who do not know when they are beaten, men who hang on to untenable positions, and achieve the impossible. It is on these men that the greatest shock of thundering attack is going to fall. But the avalanche of charging soldiers must surely recoil broken and dismayed from our defending trenches.

The Bombardment of Dunkirk.

In October, at the great battle of Ypres, we held them with only one army corps. With five times that number our position must be secure. It was during the tremendous engagement in October that General French "broke every rule of warfare—and succeeded"; that, after almost every man on the staff had been killed, French and Haig turned themselves into the headquarters staff, and, heartening the thin khaki line by personal example, clung grimly to the trenches, and refused to be beaten. It was touch and go, but the magnificent effort saved the day and Calais. The official admission that German shells have been falling at Dunkirk shows that the enemy must be much nearer the town than we supposed. Indicates that Nieuport has fallen, that, indeed, the Germans must have pushed forward almost to the Belgian frontier, nine miles from the French seaport. The suggestion that the huge howitzers which are bombarding the place are no less than nineteen miles away, at Nieuport, seems utterly incredible. This rain of shells on Dunkirk is the most disquieting event which has been reported for weeks. Ere these lines appear, the mystery of where

those gigantic guns are will no doubt be cleared up.

Besieged Germany.

When a fortress, or city, is besieged, the first thing that the commander does, after putting his defences in order, is to assume control of the food supply. Germany, like a vast camp, is being besieged, and, as in an invested town, the authorities have apparently taken charge of the food of the country. If we may believe neutral papers, there is no chance whatever that Germany will starve before the next harvest is gathered in. At the same time the authorities are taking no risks, and in various ways have made certain that there is no waste, also that there is no speculation in foodstuffs. So prepared and organised have the Germans shown themselves in everything, that it is no surprise to learn of the systematic arrangements they have made, to secure this year a larger harvest than the country has ever yet produced. The Dutch *Algemeen Handelsblad* says, "Anyone who walks along the well-known Tempelhofer field near Berlin now sees an enormous steam plough cutting into the grass. There potatoes are to be planted. A company has been established for making cultivatable land productive for agriculture, in the interests of the people's food. All ground now lying fallow, or awaiting mason and builder, is to be made ready for potato, corn and vegetable cultivation. Even the banks along the railway lines are being prepared for planting." Another Dutch paper says, "The military authorities of Germany place at the disposal of farmers groups of 80 to 100 prisoners of war for agricultural work. The men must be lodged and fed by the farmers, and will receive a salary of a penny a day (the pay of a German soldier). The authorities recommend the farmers to take advantage of this opportunity, as the economic situation of the Empire depends greatly on the crop next summer." The German papers and public men insist that there is no danger of starvation, and deny that it is within the power of the Allies to bring about a really menacing shortage of food. If they are making

use of the prisoners in this way, there should be no shortage of labourers, if we may believe that captured soldiers in German hands total 600,000—Berlin's claim.

Copper Shortage.

I see no chance of starving the German nation to terms, nor, apart from the smashing of Austria, does it seem possible that our military forces will be able to compel it to sue for peace. The one thing to which I pin my hope is that copper will run short. The amount of this required must be enormous, so terrific is the expenditure in ammunition, and for this Germany must now rely solely upon what supplies of the metal can be found in the country. Undoubtedly these are very large, but immense as they are they must in time be exhausted, and then, unless some other substitute has been discovered to take the place of copper, the end must come. It is an interesting diversion in these days to look round Melbourne, for instance, and see how much copper and brass there is about. Locomotives, to start with. In Europe, unlike in the United States, the fire boxes are of copper, not steel, and naturally it must be very thick to resist the fire. Then breweries. Great copper vats are used; an up-to-date establishment must have many tons of the metal in these vats alone, and Germany has no fewer than 8000 breweries! Assuming each averaged fifty tons, some 400,000 tons could be obtained from that source alone. Steel vats would be substituted. Here tin and iron saucepans are used in the kitchen, but in Germany the housewife prefers copper utensils. Assuming that there are 12,000,000 homes in Germany, the copper pans, etc., in each would, at a conservative estimate, weigh at least 20 lbs., making a total of about 120,000 tons. Then there are electric fittings and wires, gas brackets, door furnishings, and a hundred-and-one other things. It would be quite safe to say that the amount of copper in use and obtainable, in any of the large European countries, would considerably exceed the total annual output of the world, which is about 800,000 tons.

Fortunately the supply is one which must ere long run out.

Roumania's Intervention.

On another page I publish a review of an article on Roumania, which appeared in a German magazine. I do not agree with it at all, but I give it so that my readers can better understand the difficulties which bristle along the path of King Ferdinand. We who look upon Russia's desire for Constantinople as a legitimate wish for an ice-free port would by no means regard a Russian Balkans as an unmixed evil, who, in fact, realise that ultimately Russia, standing as she does for the Slavs, must be the dominating power in Europe, if not in the world, can yet, I think, understand the feeling of those who consider that it would be disastrous for Russia to be in Constantinople, to control the Balkans, to dominate the Adriatic. Undoubtedly, there is a very strong feeling amongst Roumanians that to help Russia might mean the loss of their own independence later on. They may be utterly wrong, I think they are, but we may be certain that Germany is leaving no stone unturned to foster that feeling. The clearing of the Russians out of Bukowina—and the keeping of them out—has shown Roumania that Germany is still in a position to throw back her enemies. Neutrals are not so positive that the Allies must win as are we, and they know that, if the incredible happens, and Germany emerges victorious, dire would be the punishment of those who had entered the arena against her solely for the sake of the spoils that could be picked up.

What Will Italy Do?

The need of smashing Austria, in order to get at Germany, is so urgent, that the deepest concern is being evinced over Italy's attitude. According to cables she will, and then she will not, from day to day, from hour to hour. I think though, in the long run, she will not fight. She is engaged in selling her neutrality to the highest bidder. This is not an edifying spectacle, though it is high politics. The map opposite shows what the Italians want, and on another page a review of



Independent.] ITALIA IRREDENTA. New York. The shaded part of the above map shows the territory which Italy demands of Austria. It includes South Tyrol or the Trentino, Istria and the Kusten land, the seaport of Fiume and the chain of islands extending down the Dalmatian coast to Montenegro.

Mr. Wadham Peacock's article tells why control of the Adriatic is vital to them. If Italy gets what she covets, she will cut Austria off entirely from the sea, and naturally Austria would never surrender her entire water front. The Allies can, of course, promise her all she wants—with a reserve that Serbia must have a port left her—and can also offer portions of Asia Minor, as well as confirm her in the occupancy of the Turkish Islands she is under promise to give back. Assuming, however, that Italy does enter the arena, how is she going to help? Only, I am convinced, by compelling Austria and Germany to detach a very large force to hold her armies in check. The Italians would find it practically impossible to invade the Tyrol; the Austrians could far more easily come down from the mighty Alps, and overrun Lombardy, whilst the road to

Triest is tremendously fortified. A declaration of war by Italy is far more likely to be followed by an invasion of the province of Venetia by an Austro-German force, than by an Italian incursion into Austria. But to keep some hundreds of thousands of men away from Flanders and Poland would be of the very greatest assistance to the Allies. It is worth noting that several Italian papers, which, in the beginning were strongly in favour of neutrality, are now advocating war with Austria. All of them are unanimous, however, in insisting that the one thing to keep in mind is that war can only be justified if it gives Italy what she wants, that she must not enter the struggle to help anyone except herself. This means, of course, that if she sees a chance of picking up anything worth while she would go to war to get it, but having

possessed herself of it, she would sit tight, and do nothing more. We could not expect her, after that, to send troops to France or Russia, or even to make a special attack on Austria. Still, her intervention, for the reasons mentioned above, would be wholly welcome.

Serbia's Need.

One of the most inexplicable events, since the war started, was the sudden collapse of the Serbian resistance to the Austrians, the rapid advance of the Austrian armies into Serbia and their more headlong retreat before the very men they had been chasing. The explanation can be given in one word—"ammunition." In Serbia, as in France, in Flanders, in Poland, in fact, on every battle front, ammunition in enormous quantities is needed. When shells run short, advance is out of the question, defence is impossible. It was the lack of artillery ammunition which caused the Serbians to crumple up before the Austrian advance. The timely arrival of supplies from neutral and allied countries enabled the Serbians first to stand, and when they found that the Austrian centre had been weakened by the despatch of troops, to resist the Russian advance in Galicia, to thrust forward and compel the precipitate retreat of their foes. The whole invading army fled, or, rather, waded, through the mud, day and night until by December 12th, they had everywhere put the Drina or the Save between themselves and their pursuers. Every wheeled thing, says Mr. Trevelyan, who reached Serbia shortly after, cannon or cart, they had left behind in the mud. At Shabatz they had not time to get their stores of ammunition across the Save; they, therefore, exploded the cartridges, and millions of these still lie scattered about in piles beside the heads of the seven broken pontoon bridges. The invaders left a ravaged country behind. All the houses of North-West Serbia, one of the richest agricultural districts in Europe, were utterly destroyed. The towns are razed to the ground, the entire place is deserted. The result is that refugees crowd into other parts of the country, and the congestion is terrible.

The atrocious conduct of the Austrian invaders, helped, it is said, by the Mohammedan Serbs, when they first overran the north of the country in August, is entirely responsible for the congestion in Central and Southern Serbia, which has now to support these immense armies of refugees as well as 60,000 prisoners. The difficulties are obviously far greater than this little State can support alone. She must have help, and generous help, too, from the Allies. Already the losses due to starvation, exposure and typhus have been appalling. Unless something is done, and done quickly, the Allies need look for little assistance from Serbia's veteran army, and the need for a powerful force threatening Hungary from the south is obvious. On selfish, as well as on humanitarian grounds, the Allied Powers will surely come to the rescue.

The Singapore Riot.

The Indian papers to hand supplement the meagre details which have reached us about the trouble which occurred at Singapore, in February last. They, of course, do not tell what we would really like to know—namely, why the mutiny started; was it caused by Germans or was it due to the preaching of the Jihad? It appears that the 5th Light Infantry, some eight or nine hundred in number, became disaffected on February 15th, the Chinese New Year's Day. Having shot some of their comrades, who refused to accompany them from the barracks, they proceeded to the camp where the German prisoners were kept, shot the sentries and guards, and then set out for the town. On their way they passed the golf links, where a large number of ladies and gentlemen were playing golf, as it was a public holiday. The soldiers fired a volley into them, and it was here where most of the casualties amongst the whites occurred. Directly the danger was realised, the volunteers were mobilised, and special constables were enrolled. Next day the women and children, numbering several thousands, were taken on board troopships and other vessels in the harbour. All that day firing went on, and continued throughout the next. The Japanese,

of whom 200 had enrolled themselves as special volunteers, appear to have been exceedingly active in hunting down the mutineers. It was not, however, until the arrival of French, Japanese, and Russian warships, that the rioters were driven from the town into the jungle. It is said that there were some forty casualties amongst civilian whites, including the District Judge and the Government Doctor, both of whom were killed. It is significant perhaps that the 5th Light Infantry is composed entirely of Mohammedans.

What is Happening in India?

The occasional mention of British casualties in India is all that breaks the absolute silence which broods over the great Empire. Obviously, if there are casualties there must be fighting, somewhere. It may only be an ordinary tribal trouble, the like of which is always going on, or it may be something more serious. The Afghans and other peoples in the North-west are Mohammedans, and, although, fortunately, the famous Jihad seems to have been a very damp squib indeed thus far, its preaching may stir up trouble on the Indian border. It is quite possible, too, that the extraordinary success of the Turkish invasion of Persia may induce these warlike peoples to attack our troops. This would be rather an annoyance than a danger, for there can be little doubt that whatever has taken place elsewhere in India the North-west is garrisoned at full strength. It is a curious and interesting fact that India is actually safer with the Indian troops away than if they had remained. Had they stayed the Mohammedan soldiers might have become restive, and, having arms, dangerous. Civilian Mohammedans have no weapons, nor could they obtain any. Not only have the Turks occupied Tabriz, they also appear to have advanced a long way into Persia, although there is as yet no word of their having reached the Caspian Sea. The object of this excursion into the Shah's domains is rather obscure. It may possibly be an attempt to reach the oil wells of Baku, or it may be merely a desire to turn the

Russian troops stationed in Tabriz out of a city which the Turks have always coveted.

A Narrow Shave.

In a letter written from Capetown, by Spencer Campbell, published in *The Fortnightly*, we get a glimpse into the real situation in South Africa, and realise how narrowly disaster was averted. He pays a very warm tribute to the military genius of Botha and Smuts, and the way in which the leaders were hunted down and killed or captured; but he certainly seems to lean to the opinion that the lucky shot which killed General de la Rey, in his motor-car, before the rebellion broke out, preserved the Union. His death interfered with the plans of the rebels, of whom apparently he would have been the most formidable leader. He was a man second only in influence to ex-President Steyn. He possessed the culture of Beyers, and was as much loved, and as great a hero on the Back Veldt, as de Wet himself. His military skill and knowledge moreover would have been of immense service to the rebels. It was an extraordinary combination—Maritz, Beyers and Christian de Wet! Maritz, an adventurer pure and simple, but a born fighter—on the side which paid him best. De Wet, jealous of his former comrades, Botha and Smuts, whose gifts enabled them to take positions for which he was utterly unsuited, smarting under the feeling that he was now a nobody, filled with a misguided patriotism, which made him seize the first opportunity which appeared to give a chance of riding the land of the British. Beyers was cultured, rich, popular, Commander-in-Chief of the South African forces. His treachery is the greatest enigma of all. A splendid speaker, he was worshipped by the back veldtters. He knew that he was immensely popular, and he trusted to his strong magnetic personality over the Boers to rally them around him. Had there not been stronger personalities in Botha and Smuts, things might have been different to-day. Mr. Campbell makes no mention of the numbers of rebels, but it would seem that there must have been at least 20,000 of them.

As the compulsory principles embodied in the South African Defence Act have been put in force, there must be at least 60,000 men under arms in the Union. We hear nothing very definite about Botha's operations in German South-west Africa, but obviously his task is an exceedingly difficult one.

The Censor.

The censor receives more abuse than anyone else in Australia, abuse which he certainly does not deserve. It is not his fault that news is late, that we are told only the cheerful side of the fighting, and learn only by inference, and through neutral papers long afterwards, what has actually happened. His function is to see that information does not reach the enemy which might be of use to him. In the carrying out of this duty, he naturally has certain hard-and-fast rules to observe, and must follow out the instructions of the Defence Department, which, in turn, must conform to the expressed wishes of the Home Government. The meagreness of the cabled news has nothing at all to do with the censor here. It is evidently not considered wise to let the public know everything that happens. Care is obviously taken in the official communiques to dwell strongly on any successes, and omit mention of reverses until what was lost has been regained. One result of this policy is, of course, that whilst we know the very best possible is being told us, we feel that behind the cheerful news may lurk some happening, about which Berlin will soon inform us, or which will not come out at all until mention is made in a later despatch that such and such a position—to which no previous reference was made—has been retaken. The war is so world-wide that the publication of news here might quite possibly tell Germany something which might result in the loss of thousands of our brave men. Every precaution the censor takes to avoid this is amply justified. At the same time one wishes that the authorities at home, and in France, would be a little more frank in their official reports. To admit the seriousness of an engagement, to allude to the loss of a position, could not possibly

help the foe, for, being in actual possession of what we have lost, whether he learns of his being there through our newspapers or not, obviously makes no difference whatever. When some of our men are captured, the omission of all mention of the fact in our official reports is hardly likely to deceive the enemy who took them prisoners.

Why Treat Us Like Children?

There have been recently some rather galling instances of the withholding of news from the British public which was well known in Germany and in neutral countries. In East Africa last January a second disaster occurred, due, apparently, like the first, to lack of ammunition. An Anglo-Indian column pushed up the valley of the Umba just across the East African frontier to Jassen, which it occupied. There it was surrounded by a superior German force, and when its ammunition was exhausted it surrendered. A Berlin message on April 22nd announced this as a German victory. Three days later the British War Office sent out a report admitting the surrender, but whether intentionally, or for the sake of brevity, its reference to the occupation of Mafia was worded in such a way as to leave the impression that the capture of this spot was part of the work of the expedition, a portion of which was cut off, and had surrendered at Jassen. Now, as Mafia is an island some 250 miles south of where the other operations were going on, it must obviously have been taken by a naval force, could have been occupied whenever we wished. Another case was that of the landing of troops in Turkey, although here, of course, there was no doubt ample reason for keeping us in the dark. Still Berlin announced on April 22nd that troops had landed, at Bulair, at Enos, and at Suvla, though the first official intimation which reached Australia about the landing was on April 28th. It is curious to read in the incoming American papers, now, of course, a month old, about the landing of a small Australian force on the southern end of the Gallipolitan peninsula! It was presumably considered good policy to send congratulatory telegrams to the Government of Australia

about the gallant doings of our men before any word was cabled out here as to what they had done. These messages from His Majesty and Mr. Harcourt are exceedingly gratifying, but naturally no one for a moment dreamed that the Australian army would be anything but gallant. For once official despatches frankly admitted a serious loss, and we knew that the enemy had taken St. Julien before we were rejoiced by its recapture. But, apart from that admission, there was very little in the official messages about the fighting round Ypres to convey the magnitude of the German success, which caused Berlin to joyfully demonstrate. Except from its strategic value, the engagement was chiefly notable for the magnificent way in which the Canadians extricated themselves from a position when annihilation or capture appeared the only possible outcome. It was a most brilliant demonstration of individual pluck and grit on the part of the rank and file, although hardly one of the military capability of their leaders.

Japan in China.

Negotiations are still proceeding between China and Japan, but we are told very little of what the actual demands are the Mikado is making, or which of them China is strenuously objecting to. According to the American papers, the Japanese demands consist of 21 separate items, although, when the Japanese Government submitted the list to the Powers, they omitted nine, and, in reply to American protests, explained that, as these were general demands of long standing, they did not think it necessary to refer to them. It is said that, amongst those not in the submitted list, were demands for the policing of Chinese cities by Japanese, for the appointment of Japanese advisers and directors in financial and military matters, and for the purchase, from Japan, of at least half of the arms and ammunition needed by the Chinese army. It is said that the Chinese have agreed that Japan shall have the first option on any foreign loan, that preference be given to Japanese in engaging foreign advisers and police inspectors, and to the opening of new treaty ports in Mongolia.

They, however, object to several of the demands; for instance, that Japanese residents in China shall be exempt from taxation and local law, and to the building of a Japanese railroad from the coast opposite the Japanese island of Formosa to Han-Kow, and to a joint control with China of iron works there, on the ground that this would mean Japanese domination of the immensely rich Yang-tse Valley, and the coal and iron region. It has already been reported that China has extended the lease of the Manchurian ports of Dalny and Port Arthur for ninety-nine years. These concessions, which were originally granted by China to Russia for twenty-five years, would have expired in 1923, after which time China would have had the right to purchase the railroads. Japan, it is understood, also gets the exclusive right to prospect and to work mines, and the preference in future railroad loans. It is significant that the Chinese Y.M.C.A. and students in the United States have made an appeal to President Wilson and the American people, to prevent what they hold will mean the absolute absorption of the Chinese Republic by Japan, or will precipitate a war between the two countries. The United States is perhaps a source of information somewhat tainted by suspicion of Japan, but obviously something is going on which China deeply resents, and which some of her westernised sons consider threatens her very existence. A cartoon, reproduced on page 378, well expresses the situation.

Hostile Tariffs and Other Things.

There is much talk of prohibitive tariffs against German products, stringent action against enemy subjects, who have been naturalised for years in this country, and the like. Naturally, we would like to get everything we have been in the habit of obtaining from Germany from the mother country, and no doubt the other Dominions and India will also desire no longer to purchase German goods. That is a laudable wish, but obviously it is one which is quite unobtainable. The things we have bought from Germany have been, for the most part, products which require considerable skill, often indeed

very special knowledge, to produce. When we turn to the particulars of unemployment in Great Britain during recent years, we find that there have been comparatively few men out of work in the skilled trades. The inference therefore seems to be that at the present time Great Britain is turning out, or rather was doing so before the war began, pretty nearly the maximum of which she was capable. She could only increase her output materially by training more men, and erecting more machinery. The apparent failure of the effort to establish dye works in England would seem to indicate that British manufacturers see little chance of beating the Germans in the world's markets in this and other things, which they have made peculiarly their own. Looking round in Australia even, one does not see much effort being put forth to produce locally anything which at present we get in great quantities from Germany. Another point which will have to be considered is to whom we are going to sell the \$13,000,000 worth of wool and other things which Germany buys from us directly, and indirectly, through London and Antwerp. Hardly to England, more probably to the United States. In fact, a careful examination of the question seems to show that if we eliminate Germany we would have to put the United States in her place. That is as it should be, for after all the Americans are our kin, and they have helped us very greatly in this war, have, in fact, made it possible to put Kitchener's army in the field. But no matter what legislation we put through now it can only be of a temporary character, for such matters will naturally be arranged when peace is drawn up. If we win to peace over a prostrate Germany, then presumably there will be no difficulties. If, however, Germany has any voice at all in the final settlement, then there is bound to be trouble and compensation, and grave complications in store. Hence, as the war drags on the need for crushing Germany utterly steadily increases.

Labour Troubles in England

It seems incredible that when the fate of the Empire hangs on the rapid and steady production of ammunition, there should be serious trouble with workmen at home. Here we seem to have men practically deserting in the face of the foe—helping the enemy by stopping work, and slacking! On the face of it it looks bad, so bad that one is ashamed. How the German papers will be sarcastically pointing to the difference between the patriotism of British and German workers. Yet there must be some very compelling cause, and the papers from home give an inkling as to what is at the root of the trouble. From them one gets some idea of the way in which prices have gone up—soared, in many cases. At the present moment in England, every working man, every clerk, who in ordinary times just manages to live on the wages he gets, must be feeling the pinch, feeling it so badly in many cases that he is almost faced with the choice of semi-starvation, or demanding a greater sum per week; if necessary, going on strike to get it. Take one case only. Coal at the pit mouth in England in ordinary times is 10s. 6d. per ton. Now it is 20s. In the poorer districts of London coal is usually sold from the trolley in the street in small quantities, up to a hundred-weight. Last September a hundred-weight cost 1s. 2d., and that was slightly more than usual. Now the price is 2s., and has been for some months. The usual quantities purchased used to be half-hundred-weight and 7 lbs.; now, of course, so much cannot be afforded. Coke, too, has jumped in price, and is scarce and difficult to get. Firewood is becoming more and more costly. The price of provisions has gone up greatly as well. Let us hope that here we have the true reason for the labour troubles which have shocked us.

Distracted Mexico.

So wrapped up are we all in the terrible war that we care little about what is happening elsewhere. Our papers are filled with war news, and have no space for other information. That is how it comes about that we do not know

of the very serious state of affairs in Mexico. That unfortunate country has now practically no Government or national authority; no system of revenue and public expenditure; no real finance, and an utterly disordered and hopelessly depreciated currency. Industry and trade are disorganised and demoralised, and the people appear to be drifting into anarchy and destitution. Provisional Presidents are made, hold office for a brief period, and then either disappear suddenly, or fly to the United States. Carranza still occupies Vera Cruz, which he pounced upon when the Americans evacuated it. He also took Mexico City in February, his victorious General Obregon driving out Zapata, a bandit chief, who was in possession of the capital at the time. He is an ally of Villa. On March 10th, however, the bandit returned, and Obregon promptly evacuated the city. Zapata's advance guard murdered an American citizen, John B. McManus. General Salazar, commanding Zapata's forces, in reply to a strong demand from the Government of the United States, undertook to punish the murderers; he also promised to improve the deplorable condition of the city. The railway between Vera Cruz and Mexico has been blocked by Carranza to both food supplies and refugees, so that when Secretary Bryan advised the 2500 Americans in the capital to leave, they replied that they could not get away. Evidently the soldiers of Carranza, Villa and Zapata have all been guilty of the most horrible outrages in the old Aztec city. Villa, in March, was threatening Tampico, but cables report that he was badly defeated when he attacked it. Early in the year the province of Yucatan in southern Mexico revolted against Carranza's Governor, and, after initial successes, the insurgents announced their intention of declaring their independence and cutting free from Mexico altogether. Carranza's soldiers returned, defeated the "rebels," and sacked the capital, Merida. In the north Villa accused his General, Almanza, and his entire staff, of plotting against him. A court martial found them guilty, and the re-

doubtable bandit had them all shot out of hand! Provisional-President Gutierrez fled from Mexico to escape Villa, who was seeking after him to throw him into prison. He states that Villa kidnapped Provisional-President Garza and put him to death. Altogether things could hardly be worse. The United States has now seven battleships at Vera Cruz, and many warships scattered along the coast in different ports where there are Americans to be protected. The only way out would seem to be intervention by the United States, but the Government at Washington is very loath to embark on such an enterprise. The experiment of the Philippines is always before American eyes. Joint intervention by the United States and the leading South American Powers has been spoken of as a probability.

NEW SOUTH WALES NOTES.

There has been an unusual shuffling of the political cards during the month, and at least one new precedent has been created, arising out of the lamented death of the President, Sir Francis Suttor. Mr. Fred. Flowers, the Vice-President of the Council, resigned his seat in the Cabinet prior to his appointment to the Presidency, and Mr. J. D. Fitzgerald, barrister and journalist, secured a majority of votes in the Caucus ballot as successor to the Vice-Presidency, with a seat in the Cabinet. With so many aspirants for fame, these Caucus ballots always leave a certain amount of heartburning; but it is no reflection on any other candidate to say that the choice could not have fallen on worthier or more capable shoulders than it did in the selection of Mr. Fitzgerald.

Political speculation has been busy as to the probable successor to Sir Timothy Coghlan, as State Agent-General. There are six or seven candidates in the field, and the Government have experienced some lively criticism. The popular notion has been that Mr. Holman intended accepting the posi-

tion, and so giving one or other of his colleagues, who are credited with having keen eyes on the office, a chance for the Premiership. Mr. Holman has protested perhaps a little too much that he has no intention of accepting the Agent-Generalship. He has, moreover, announced that his pledges to his party carry him over at least another election. The matter is still before the Cabinet, but when the Government's decision is made public, it will probably be found that Mr. B. R. Wise, K.C., has been appointed Agent-General, with the personal private knowledge that he, for a limited period, is keeping the office warm for Mr. Holman, when that gentleman shall have fulfilled his obligations as Premier and leader of the State Labour party.

Since Mr. D. R. Hall, the Attorney-General, started out, a few months back, to corner the wheat stocks of the State, in the avowed interests of the consumer, he has gone far in intention, if not in result. His mind easily travelled from wheat to bread, and from bread to State bakeries. There was already a State bakery, which supplied certain Government institutions with the staff of life, but Mr. Hall was ambitious to supply the general public. His scheme involved buying up private bakeries in certain districts for a start, and supplying their customers with daily bread at a lower price than the bakers declared was possible for them. Ultimately it was Mr. Hall's intention to put the State bread industry under a commission, like the railways and tramways. Apparently there are difficulties in the way which the Attorney-General had not foreseen, as nothing definite has been heard of the scheme for some weeks. Rumour has it that a canvass of the householders in the experimental area as to the prospects of the State bakery were not very encouraging. It is evidently in the mind of the Government to become as nearly as possible universal purveyors of the necessities of life.

The universal response to the many patriotic funds suggested by the war has been as gratifying as it has been

extraordinary. When the State Government undertook to organise the Belgian Relief Fund, they did a wise thing. When they set the clock at £30,000 a month, or £1000 a day, they did a bold thing. Wisdom and boldness have been equally justified of her children. The Government guaranteed the first month's total with a donation of £30,000, and the public response since has shown receipts averaging considerably over £1000 a day. For the month of April £46,815 was received from the general public, the last day of the month bringing the record sum of £2912. This is exclusive of large sums in hand all over the State, which have not yet reached the Treasurers, and which are a substantial guarantee that the £1000 a day will be maintained. It is also exclusive of moneys sent direct to the Belgian Consul. It is all the result of consummate organisation. Every city, town and district has been organised, under responsible local bodies, the aim of it all being that not a householder in the State shall be overlooked.

An important and interesting event in the music world is the completion of the Conservatorium, which will have been formally opened before this issue of the REVIEW appears. It is a magnificent home for music-loving people, in an ideal setting. The buildings stand in the old Government House grounds, overlooking the Botanical Gardens, and with a clear seascape to the Heads. Experts have declared that the concert hall is as perfect acoustically as the hall is beautiful. The governing idea in the mind of the projectors is the teaching and encouragement of vocal and instrumental music in all its forms. The appointment of a director was for the Council of Control a difficult task. Their choice fell on Mr. Henri Verbrugghen, a Belgian by birth, though a British musician of twenty-five years' experience, with a European reputation. The organising of the teaching staff will await the arrival of the principal, should Mr. Henri Verbrugghen accept the appointment, of which he has been notified by cable.

NEW ZEALAND NOTES.

APRIL 28, 1915.

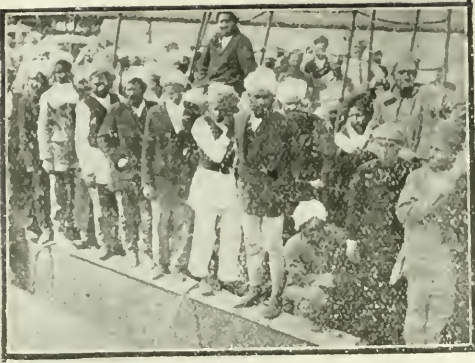
Slowly but surely the disputed seats arising out of our December elections are being settled. Only two contested petitions now remain, and, if the quidnuncs err not, one of these is already practically decided by the Full Court decision. The unsuccessful Government candidate and late member for Hawke's Bay abandoned his election petition this week as a result of the Full Court decision in respect of the rolls. This leaves our best-known litterateur (Dr. R. McNab) in possession of Hawke's Bay. Dr. McNab sat in Parliament from 1893 to 1908, and was Minister of Lands during the last two years of his term. At the last two general elections he failed to win a seat. In consequence of the Full Court decision Taumarunui is expected to remain in the hands of the Opposition. This leaves Bay of Islands (held by the Government) in doubt. So our political situation is still uncertain and interesting. The Government has a present majority of two, and is faced with the problem of finding a Speaker and Chairman of Committees—and a working majority.

All questions are small compared with the war. The strength and vigour of our young manhood is leaving our shores—a reliable estimate to date, with recruits in training, would be 20,000. And now the call has gone forward for 1000 men per week for the next six weeks. Our Minister of Defence declares that, in proportion to population, we are sending more men than either the Commonwealth or Canada. Fifty trained nurses have left us during the month, exclusive of 12 sent to replace some who have gone from the Commonwealth.

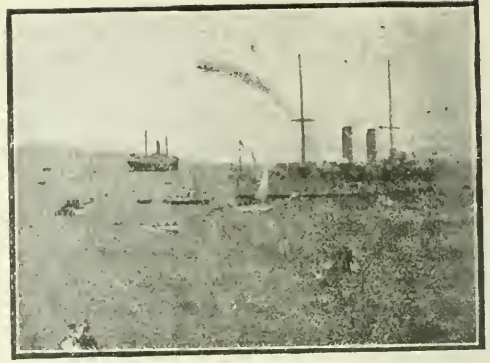
Public and semi-public bodies have passed scores of resolutions protesting against exploitation by high-priced food-stuffs, and the inactivity of the Government. The stereotyped reply has been posted to each of the protestors that the matter would receive the careful attention of the Government. With increased pressure, however, the Prime

Minister declared he would refer the allegations to the Foods Commission. He wanted evidence, and, in an unguarded moment, hinted that evidence of exploitation was non-existent. The Chairman of the Food Commission (which, by the way, has been singularly barren in practical results) backed the Prime Minister by asserting that evidence of exploitation was not forthcoming. In further comment the Chairman (who is also president of the Arbitration Court) declared that high prices and exploitation were not convertible terms. Then came a bolt from the blue. A well-known merchant (Mr. Andrew Fairbairn) wrote to the Chairman, asserting that he had proved exploitation in September last in his evidence before the Commission. "My evidence," said Mr. Fairbairn, "contained the sworn statement that if my firm had charged the same prices as other wholesale merchants, the increased net profits for one month—namely, August 6th to September 5th, 1915—would have amounted to fully £5000." Mr. Fairbairn insists that he can prove his case before the Commission, "provided the proceedings are not censored, and are open to the public and the press."

The visit of the Japanese Trade Commissioners created much interest in commercial circles. The Commissioners were much struck with the resources of Australia and New Zealand, and they look forward to large trading operations between these colonies. "Look at the trade Germany has been doing with you in the past!" said Dr. Miura. "Why should not we—your faithful allies at a critical time—have some share of that trade now?" An amusing and illuminating incident happened during one of the conferences with a group of business men. The feeling was most cordial—a contest in compliments. "The Commissioners would like to know," interrupted the accompanying Government agent, "whether business men consider Japanese trade could best be developed locally by Japanese merchants or by the existing business houses." From then onward the merchants gently but firmly insisted that it was Japanese trade—not traders—they were disposed to encourage.



Types of the Hindus who resisted the immigration authorities of Canada. Most of the Sikhs refused admission to Canada were veterans of the Anglo-Indian army.



The British cruiser "Rainbow" preparing to eject the three hundred Hindus aboard the "Komagata Maru" from the harbour of Vancouver, B.C.

INDIANS AND THE EMPIRE.

Till a few years back Indians were the outcasts

of the world. To-day they are the outcasts of the Empire.

In these words may be summed up the despatch sent by the President of the United Provinces' Congress Committee, which met in January in Allahabad, to the Viceroy of India. This notable message deals fully with the position of Indians in Canada, and points out that since her Colonies have heaped humiliation on her Indian subjects, and have barred them entrance, Great Britain has been unable to protest when similar treatment was meted out to them by the Portuguese and the Americans. The Mikado responded immediately to the appeal of his subjects when shut out of the United States, but King George was impotent when his loyal Indians were similarly treated. The exclusion of their fellows is now seriously exercising the Indians, and especially do they resent the action of Canada, which allows Japanese and Chinese to enter the country, but absolutely bars the door to Indians, fellow-subjects of the Empire though they be.

NOT GOOD ENOUGH.

If, instead of being part of the Empire, India were an independent State, her subjects would undoubtedly be better treated by the British Dominions and by other Powers, is obviously the conclusion one must arrive at after reading the plain statement of facts set forth in this remarkable message. In

Australia, at any rate, we are consistent, and make no distinctions as do the Canadians, for we allow no coloured man of any description or nationality within our borders. Although, say the Indian leaders, we are considered quite good enough to help you fight the Germans, although our bravery is held up to admiration in even the colonial press, although Sikhs and Gourkhas are fighting stubbornly for the Empire side by side with Canadians, Australians and Englishmen in the blood-drenched trenches of Flanders, yet we are not to be recognised as fellow-subjects, are not considered good enough to enter the dominions we are helping to preserve!

A KNOTTY PROBLEM.

This question of the position of Indians within the Empire is one which is bound to come up with increasing urgency when this titanic world-struggle is over. It will have to be faced, and, for Australia at any rate, it must become a very serious problem. As the years go on, it becomes increasingly clear that the schemes for closer settlement of whites in the tropical parts of Australia must fail. Either those lands must remain empty and undeveloped, or we must devise some method by which peoples used to tropical conditions settle on them. That is the question which

we will soon have to decide. Physical forces foredoom the gallant efforts at white settlement to failure. Emptiness or settlement by some other race is the choice before us. Ere long I intend to deal at length with this subject, but at the moment would only point out that when the entirely laudable desire to keep Australia exclusively for whites has to be abandoned, it would be far better to have the immense productivity of our northern lands developed by British subjects rather than by an entirely alien race.

THE RIOT ON THE HOOGLI.

Feeling in India has been greatly stirred by the *Komagata Maru* episode. It will be remembered that this famous steamer conveyed a shipload of Hindoos to Vancouver, but that when they arrived there, they were refused admittance, and finally returned to Japan under the persuasion of the *Rainbow's* guns. The Canadian Government supplied them with provisions, as far as Kobe, and the Indian Government paid their passages home from there. The sympathy and consideration of the Indian Government was apparently entirely misunderstood by the returning emigrants, and, when landed at Budge Budge, fourteen miles from Calcutta, and told to enter the special train provided for their transit to their homes, they produced, and used, revolvers. In the riot which ensued, 26 persons were killed, including two Europeans and some 60 injured.

A GERMAN PLOT?

The official inquiry into the affair disclosed the fact that these were no ordinary emigrants, but were led by men intimately connected with the Indian revolutionary societies in the United States, also that the Indians resident in Canada had much to do with the venture. It has been freely asserted that the whole trip was nothing but a German conspiracy, engineered with the sole object of stirring up trouble between the Indians in India, Canada and the British Government. The report of the Committee of Enquiry on that point is interesting. According to some critics it proves German complicity up to the hilt; according to others it does nothing

of the sort. This is what it did actually say:—

In connection with this journey from Hong Kong we have also had to consider how far the undertaking might have been engineered at the instigation of Germany. We are aware of the fact that it is generally believed that German influence has for some time been at work in various parts of the British Empire to create disaffection to the Government, but beyond the fact that this ship was chartered from a German agent at Hong Kong we have not been able to secure any evidence of German influence in respect of this voyage. There are, however, suspicious circumstances in connection with the undertaking, and it is quite possible that even if German influence had been at work we should be unable to secure direct evidence of it. Thus it is worthy of note that until Gurdit Singh (the leader of the party) met Mr. Bune he was entirely unable to hire any vessel to convey these emigrants to Canada, and this is not surprising in view of the provisions of the Canadian law regarding the duty of companies to re-convey rejected immigrants to the country of their birth and the penalties to which such companies are subject if these provisions of the law are not complied with. It is also possible that Mr. Bune, in aiding Gurdit Singh to secure the charter of the "*Komagata Maru*," acted with the intention of causing embarrassment to the Canadian authorities and indirectly to the British Government, as he was aware that the passengers would not be allowed to land at Vancouver, but of this there is no direct evidence. It is also noteworthy that the "*Komagata Maru*" was owned by a German company before she became the property of the "*Shines Kishen Go Shi Kaisha*," and that the first intimation as to her departure from Hong Kong reached London through Germany, the news being published in the Berlin papers eleven days after the vessel left that port.

That the Indians resident in Vancouver were intimately connected with the venture of the "*Komagata Maru*" is clear. It is also believed that the Indian revolutionary societies in America are in close connection with certain societies in Germany. It is only fair, on the other hand, to state that some of the passengers alleged that Mr. Bune attempted to dissuade Gurdit Singh from starting on this venture, and there is no trace in the accounts of Gurdit Singh's having received any pecuniary assistance from Germany or from Mr. Bune. Indeed, the accounts filed show, on the other hand, that Mr. Bune received a commission for his services in connection with the charter of this vessel. We observe that it has been stated in the press that the Canadian Government has direct proof to show that the "*Komagata Maru*" enterprise was engineered by Germany, but no evidence to this effect has been placed before us.

The following extracts from the message sent to Lord Hardinge by the United Provinces' Congress are worth studying, for this message sets forth

the feeling of loyal and intelligent men who may be regarded as fairly representative of the thought of educated India:—

The question of the status of Indians within the Empire, brought into prominence by the repressive policy pursued by South Africa against her India settlers, has been seriously agitating the public mind for a long time. It principally concerns the colonies of Canada, Australia and South Africa. The passing of the Indian Relief Act during the last session of the South African Parliament, and the promises made by her statesmen of a more considerate administration of the laws affecting Indians, have undoubtedly allayed the bitterness that was aroused in this country last winter. The situation is even less satisfactory in Australia. But, although Indians are nowhere accorded the rights that are due to them as British citizens, the Indian problem is particularly acute at present in Canada, and it is to that chiefly that my committee would invite the earnest attention of the Government of India, though the measures it proposes for dealing with it would apply equally to all parts of the British Empire where the problem may exist.

THE POSITION IN CANADA.

The grievances of the Indians residing in Canada were placed before the Government of India by their delegates at the beginning of the current year, and are otherwise well known to it; nevertheless, it would be better to summarise the main facts before indicating the policy which should be followed in regard to Indian emigration. Indian immigration into Canada began in 1905, and in the course of a year about 6000 Indians landed on Canadian soil. Their number at present, however, is about 4500. They live almost entirely in the province of British Columbia, and all of them are males with the exception of three women, who have been allowed to enter as an act of grace. Ninety per cent. of them are Sikhs, many of whom are retired soldiers. Their occupations are manual labour and agriculture, and by their sobriety and industry they have

come to own property worth about 20 crores (£1,000,000) in less than a decade.

MEASURES TO RESTRICT ENTRY.

They were allowed to live in peace till 1907. In 1908 Mr. Mackenzie King, Deputy Minister of Labour, was deputed to confer with the authorities in England regarding the measures that should be adopted to restrict the entry of certain classes of immigrants, "in particular British East Indians." Two reasons were given for the desire to put a stop to Indian immigration. The first was that, "accustomed as many of them are to the conditions of a tropical climate, . . . their inability to readily adapt themselves to surroundings entirely different could not do other than entail . . . privation and suffering." This fear the economic prosperity of the Canadian Indian has proved to be baseless. The second was a regard for the welfare of the white working man. "It was recognised, too," says Mr. King, in his report, "that the competition of this class of labour, though not likely to prove effective if left to itself, might, none the less, were the numbers to become considerable (as conceivably could happen were self-interest on the part of individuals to be allowed to override considerations of humanity and national well-being, and the importation of this class of labour under contract permitted), occasion considerable unrest among working men whose standard of comfort is of a higher order." But, later on, in the same report, Mr. King admits that this danger is purely imaginary, as under the Indian Emigration Act indentured labour can be sent only to such countries as are notified for that purpose by the Viceroy of India in Council. As regards the free Indian settler, he cannot be accused of cheapening labour. The Indian labourer has not disorganised the labour market by lowering wages. On the contrary, he demands as high wages as his European compeer.

OPPOSITION TO INDIAN SETTLER.

The opposition to the Indian settler, nevertheless, continued to grow. Two orders of the Privy Council were promulgated on May 9th, 1910, which, in

theory, affected all Asiatics, but which are in reality aimed against Indians only, for the rights of the Chinese and Japanese are safeguarded by the treaties entered into with their respective Governments. These orders prohibited the landing of all immigrants who reach Canada "otherwise than by continuous journey from the country of which they are natives or citizens, and upon through tickets purchased in that country or purchased or prepaid in Canada," and the entry of an Asiatic immigrant "unless in actual and personal possession in his or her own right of 200 dollars." Thus even if an Indian manages to purchase a through ticket, which is practically impossible, as there is no direct passenger service between India and Canada, he cannot enter the colony unless he has £40 on his person. As these restrictions apply not only to those who go there in search of a livelihood, but also to the wives and children of domiciled Indians, they render it impossible for the latter to send for their families from India. The intention may be gathered from the obvious object which is to force them to leave Canada, and considering that their number has fallen from 6000 to 4500, it seems that the object has been partially gained. Not a single Indian has been allowed to enter Canada since it first embarked on the policy of racial exclusion.

STRINGENCY OF THE LAWS AGAINST INDIANS.

It is painful to compare the stringency of the laws against Indians with the consideration shown to the Chinese and Japanese, who somehow do not produce any of the evils that are supposed to flow from Oriental immigration. No Indian may enter Canada, but four hundred Japanese are admitted annually on showing that they possess 50 dollars each in specie or negotiable securities, while the Chinese can gain admission in unlimited numbers on payment of a tax of 500 dollars per head. Again, after complying with the requirements of the law, they can easily obtain naturalisation certificates, but, strange to say, no Indian has yet been able to do so. Further, they possess the right, equally with European immigrants, of

taking their wives, children, and other relations with them, but in the case of Indians only three women have so far been allowed to enter, and that, too, as an act of grace. Japanese and Chinese, who are the subjects of a foreign Government, are admitted on easy terms, while Indians who own allegiance to the same King-Emperor are, in practice, entirely excluded. It is a cruel irony of fate that British citizenship should be a disqualification in Canada.

FIGHTING FOR THE EMPIRE.

Whatever rules may guide one State in its dealings with another, the basis of rights within an Empire can only be loyalty and service to that Empire. The Indians in Canada are not physically unfit, nor has their moral character yet been impugned by their critics, which, in view of the unnatural circumstances under which they have to pass their lives, reflects the greatest credit on them. There is no likelihood of a sudden and large influx of Indians into that Colony, and no economic dangers have followed in their train. On the contrary, they have proved themselves thoroughly loyal and industrious citizens, capable of readily adapting themselves to their new surroundings, and conforming to the standards of the land of their adoption. But while Indians have everywhere proved themselves useful citizens of the Empire in a civic capacity, they have at the same time not failed to participate in its military defences. Of the services thus rendered by them in India and abroad, it is needless to speak at the present moment, when they are shedding their blood for the Empire in distant lands and among strange peoples. The majority of the Indians in Canada are drawn from a class which provides the finest soldiers in the Indian army, and every true well-wisher of the Empire should consider it his duty to deal with them in such a manner as to strengthen and not weaken the ties that bind them to it.

There is a feeling among Indians that the Colonies have been influenced in their conduct towards Indians by the idea that the Government of India, being subordinate to the Government of

England, has no power to protect the interests of Indians to obtain for them a recognition of their just rights as fellow-citizens of the common Empire, India is a dependency whose affairs must be managed in accordance with the wishes of Great Britain.

SHORT-SIGHTED POLICY OF THE COLONIES.

The results of the short-sighted policy pursued by the Colonies are not confined to the Empire, but extend far beyond its limits. Encouraged by the attitude of the Colonies, other countries—Portuguese East Africa and the United States of America, for instance—are refusing admission to Indians, and, in some cases, imposing humiliating restrictions on them. Formerly England might have protested against such legislation, but, having passively permitted racial discrimination in her own Colonies, she cannot now object to it in the other countries. Till a few years back Indians were the outcasts of the Empire, to-day they are the outcasts of the world. Immediate relief can, and should be, given to the Canadian Indians by permitting their wives and children to join them, but the only true and just solution of the larger question involved would be to allow that all fellow-subjects who own allegiance to the King-Emperor should have the fullest freedom to establish themselves in any part of the Empire. This right is at present enjoyed by European subjects alone, and all that is necessary is that it should be extended to Indians also.

RETALIATORY MEASURES.

Lord Hardinge, while personally sympathising with this view, saw no chance of its being accepted by the Colonists. But, in view of the altered circumstances in which we find ourselves now, my Committee ventures to hope that such a proposal will meet with a better reception at the hands of the Colonies. Indian and Colonial troops are now engaged in fighting a common enemy in defence of a common cause, and comradeship on the battlefield and the sense of dangers shared together will, it is hoped, inspire the

Colonies with a higher feeling and juster appreciation of the qualities of their fellow-subjects. Colonial, as well as English, statesmen pondering over the significance of the unique outburst of loyalty evoked in India by the war, and the sacrifices willingly incurred to bring it to a successful issue, would, we believe, be willing to concede to her a position worthy of her dignity, and thus to utilise the existing enthusiasm, which is pregnant with immense possibilities for the future, for the good of the Empire. But, if equality cannot be secured for Indians on the basis of equal rights, it is possible at least on the basis of common disabilities. If Indians are received on a footing of inferiority in the Colonies, the Government of India should impose corresponding restrictions and disabilities on Colonial immigrants into this country. They should, for instance, be subjected to the same tests as Indian immigrants into the Colonies, and declared ineligible for employment in the public services or in private concerns, and debarred from owning land in India. There are several other ways of securing the object in view, which is to vindicate the self-respect of India, and the Government of India should not hesitate to use any or all of the means to desired end.

A POSSIBLE SOLUTION.

It is no pleasure to my Committee to propose the curtailment of the freedom of any citizen of the British Empire, but it is reluctantly driven to that alternative as a result of past experience. It is not asking for the reciprocal imposition of disabilities on sentimental grounds only. Such a course will undoubtedly give legitimate satisfaction to Indian sentiment, but, above all other things, it will dispel the false and mischievous notion that the Government of India is powerless to protect the interests of the inhabitants of this country. It will have a great moral effect within and without the Empire, and will, in its results, prove a powerful lever in raising the ideal of Imperial citizenship. It will allay discontent in India, and can be a lasting solution of the vexed question of Indian emigration.

HISTORY OF THE MONTH IN CARICATURE.

Oh, wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us.—Burns.

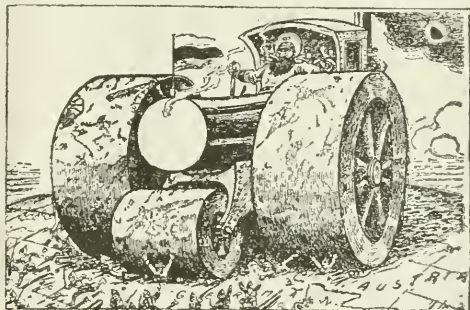
Once again we are able to give many cartoons from German papers and a goodly selection from European, British and American journals. The German artists continue to devote themselves chiefly to attacking Britain, but it is significant that amongst them there are many who vent their spleen on the United States for the manner in which she has been assisting the Allies with greatly needed munitions of war. Those who are for ever finding fault with the Americans, demanding that they shall plunge into the world war and generally condemning the attitude President Wilson has taken up would do well to glance at these German cartoons! No lack of appreciation is there shown as to the immense help America

has given. When we learn that more ammunition was fired away at Neuve Chapelle than during the whole of the South African war, we have it very forcibly brought home to us that without the help of America we could never have hoped to have won that battle.

Some of the best cartoons that we have been reproducing each month come from the Polish paper *Mucha*, which is still appearing in much-threatened Warsaw. The artist, whose work appears in it, is far more French than Russian in his style. *Le Rire* has abandoned the somewhat *risqués* pictures with which it used to regal Parisians and those of its artists not at the front devote them-



Le Rire. [Paris.
PROPHECY OF MAYENCE: "1915 will be the last year
of the Hohenzollerns."



Star. [Montreal.
THE RUSSIAN STEAM ROLLER.
It moves slowly, but surely.



Il Mondo umoristico. [Milan.
THE ULTIMATE END OF GERMAN MILITARISM.



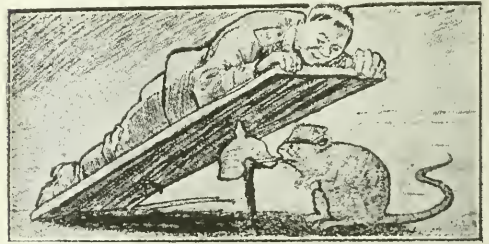
[Jugend.] THE RUSSIAN OFFENSIVE. [Munich.]

selves almost entirely to the war. In the "Prophecy of Mayence," the cartoonist has cleverly introduced a rather poor portrait of the Kaiser in place of the beauty of the famous original picture. The other two cartoons on the previous page also are prophetic. Thus far the Russian steam roller has not been able to start work, and the end of Prussian



[Mucha.] [Warsaw.]
THE ALLIES WAITING FOR THE GERMAN
MOLES TO APPEAR.

militarism is, alas! not yet in sight. It is significant, though, that it should be an Italian paper which publishes the sketch. Several journals which appear in Italy have recently come out very strongly on the side of the Allies.



[Lustige Blätter.] [Berlin.]
JOFFRE'S NIBBLING TACTICS.
The mouse will soon be astonished!

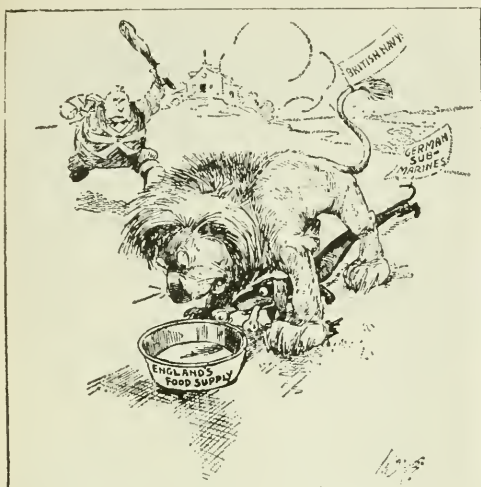
The Germans naturally have a very different idea of the Russian position than do we, and the neutral American inclines more to the Teutonic than to the Anglo-Saxon view. The *Lustige Blätter* treats Joffre's "Nibbling



[Star.] "AUCH!" [Saint Louis.]



[Mucha.] [Warsaw.]
WILLIAM: "This damned covering! If I wish
to cover my neck my feet get cold, and vice versa,
so that I am like to die."



[Des Moines.]
THE INVISIBLE PRESENCE.



[Berlin.]
THE FACE AT THE WINDOW!



[De Amsterdamer.]
GERMANY'S BLOCKADE.
The cows gather together when the wolf is about.



[Associated Newspapers.]
THE PREDICAMENT OF A FIRST-CLASS
NEUTRAL COOK.

Tactics" rather cleverly. Both the Polish cartoons are original, and that showing the Kaiser having to cover himself with an inadequate quilt (the army) which must be pulled up first to warm the Polish end of him, and then hastily moved down when there is trouble in Belgium, is especially good.

The "paper blockade" is the subject of many cartoons in all papers. The cleverest of all is contributed by the *Des Moines Register*, and shows the submarine as a dachshund sneaking the Lion's bone. The neutral *Amsterdammer* indicates that Germany's action has compelled the non-combatant nations to unite in protest and resist-



[Westminster Gazette.]
A VERY MAD ELEPHANT
THE MAD ELEPHANT: "If you don't go away, I'll—
I'll blockade you!"



Ulk. "HOME, SWEET HOME!" [Berlin.]

MISS BRITANNIA: "One hardly dares turn on the tap, nowadays, for fear a German submarine might come out!"

ance. The English papers, glad, no doubt, to have something less serious than usual to deal with, make immense fun of the whole blockade. The Ger-



Jugend. NEW REINFORCEMENTS. [Munich.]

"If you please, my dear Portugal, attach yourself to my car of victory. Be as complaisant as was Belgium!"

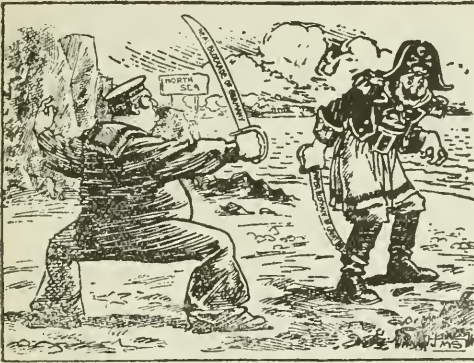


Lustige Blätter. FAMINE. [Berlin.]

JOHN BULL: You here! You ought to be in Germany."

HUNGER: "I can't get in there, so I have come to you."

mans on the other hand make out that England is staggered by what the submarines have done. *Ulk* alone is humorous, showing Miss Britannia terrified to turn on a tap in her bathroom so invested is the water nowadays with hostile submarines! *Lustige Blätter* suggests that the blockade has brought famine to John Bull's door, and that stay-at-home John is appalled by the sudden demonstration of German power.



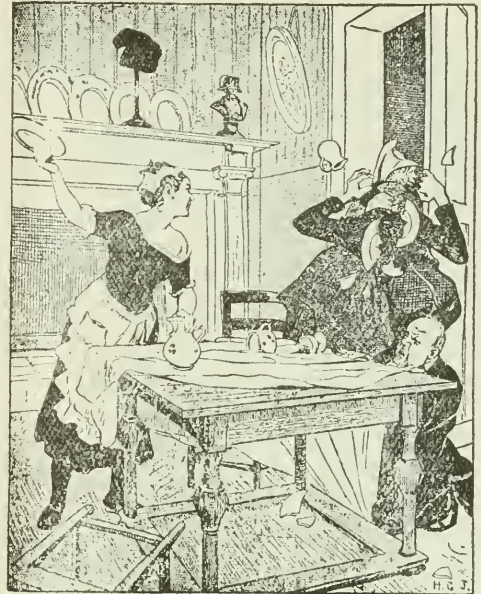
News of the World.]

[London.

SECOND THOUGHTS.

PIRATE BILL: "Plague on't; an' I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him."—"Twelfth Night."

Since the outbreak of war the German papers have not failed to insist that Britain only came into the war because she saw a good chance to get a lot out of it, and that the other belligerents are merely used by her to take the chestnuts out of the fire. We have a further selection of cartoons on that subject this month. One shows John Bull in a broken-down chariot beseeching even Portugal to come and help pull him out of the mire. Another puts the Allies hauling the lordly John Bull along; he seated comfortably in his ship whilst



Wahre Jacob.]

[Stuttgart.

MARIANNE GETS ANGRY.

"Get out, you others, for unless you do ma belle France will be ruined!"



Simplicissimus.]

[Munich.

KITCHENER'S NEW ARMY.

"Here, General, I hand over a newly raised Army Corps. It consists of twelve men only, but every Englishman, it is well known, is equal to a German regiment."



Lustige Blätter.]

[Berlin.

THE SHIP HAULERS.

"Pull, pull; one (Belgium) has fallen, but never mind."



Simplicissimus.]

[Munich.]

RECRUITING.

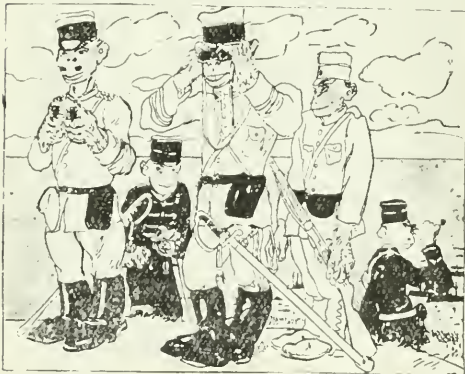
"Won't you enlist? Things are going well for England."

"Then you don't want me."

"No; you have misunderstood me. England is in the greatest danger. You must enlist at once."

"No; then it is too dangerous for me."

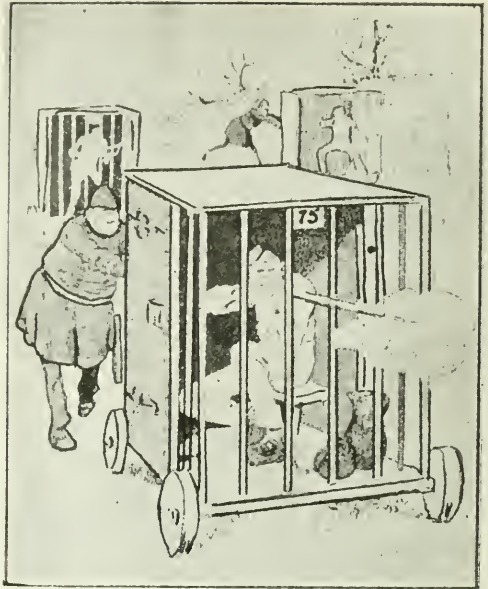
they do the work. Another variant of this theme comes from the *Wahre Jacob*, which depicts France hastening the departure of those who, it is alleged, are harming rather than assisting her.



Jugend.]

[Munich.]

It is to Germany we owe our army, our industries, our science but for treachery our friends the British have been our only teacher.

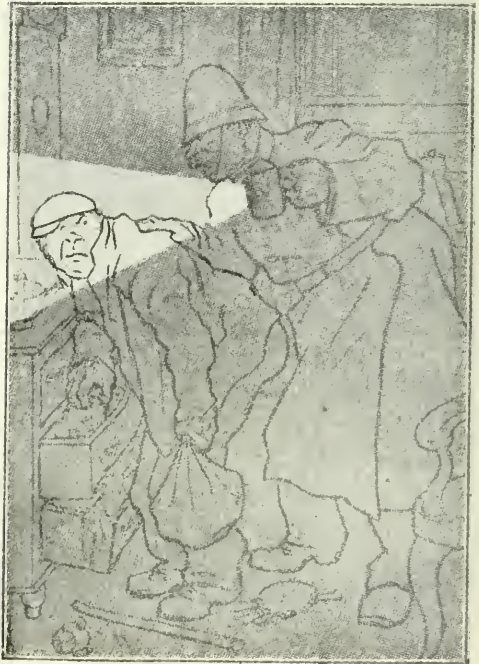


Ulk.]

KITCHENER'S ARMY.

[Berlin.]

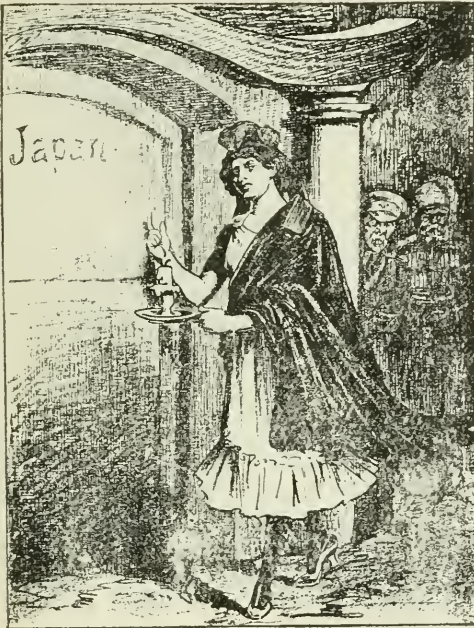
All convicts are to complete their sentences at the front.



Simplicissimus.]

[Munich.]

"COME! KITCHENER WANTS YOU!"



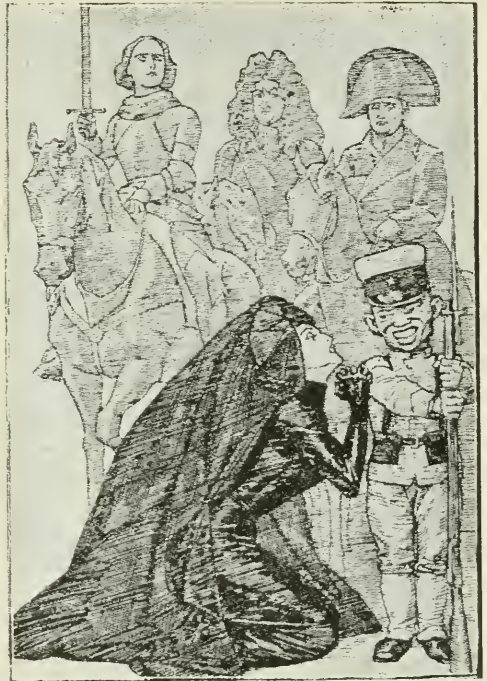
[Nebelspalter.]

[Zürich.]

FRANCE AND JAPAN.

"My candle has gone out, and I have no match. For God's sake open the door!"

But perhaps the subject dearest of all to the German cartoon-makers is that of recruiting in Great Britain. They are



[Lustige Blätter.]

[Berlin.]

FRANCE AND JAPAN.

never tired of showing Kitchener in ridiculous positions, imploring the ne'er-do-weals, the burglars, the criminals, and the loafers, to come and fight for their country. Every fresh appeal for men in England is followed by such cartoons, and when there is a lack of sub-



[Kladderadatsch.]

[Berlin.]

England, owing to recent events, contemplates confiding the care of her Eastern Empire to the well-known loyalty of Japan.



[Evening Sun.]

[New York.]

WIDE AWAKE FOR ONCE.



Simplicissimus.]

[Munich.

TWO-FACED JAPAN.



Jugend.]

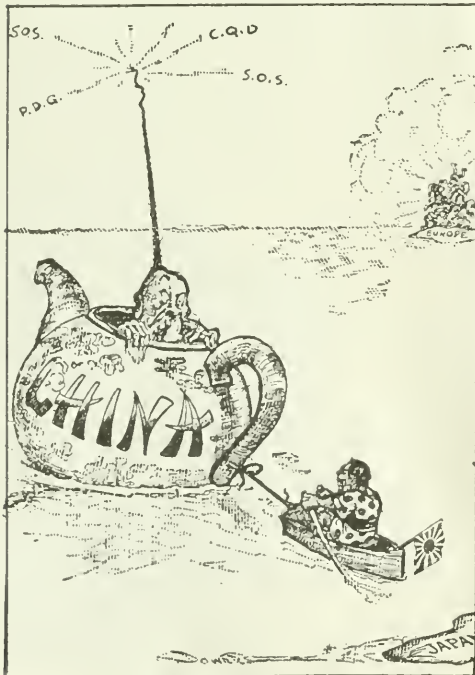
[Munich.

THE SEVENTH ROBBER.

jects to caricature this forms a never failing stand-by.

It is by no means only the German and Austrian papers which pour ridicule on the suggestions that have been made in France and England, that Japan

should be asked to come and help us overcome Germany. The neutral *Nebel-spalter* shows France as a foolish virgin knocking at Japan's door. *Lustige Blätter*, of course, rubs it in, and has Jeanne d' Arc, Louis XIV. and Napoleon in the background looking on in disgust while France, on her knees, implores Japan's help. *Kladderadatsch's* contribution to the subject is, of course, intended to create the feeling that to protect India from Russia England will have to appeal to Japan.



Star.]

EVERYBODY BUSY

[Newark.



World.]

"SAFETY FIRST!"

[New York.



Kladderadatsch.

[Berlin.

TANGA AND SOUTH-WEST AFRICA.

The British Lion is trying to take possession of our colonies.

The Germans are very bitter, indeed, against our Eastern Allies, and make them the target of atrocious attack. It is hardly surprising to find the cleverest



Lustige Blätter.

[Berlin.

JOHN BULL IN GERMAN EAST AFRICA.

"Damn! this is a beastly country!"

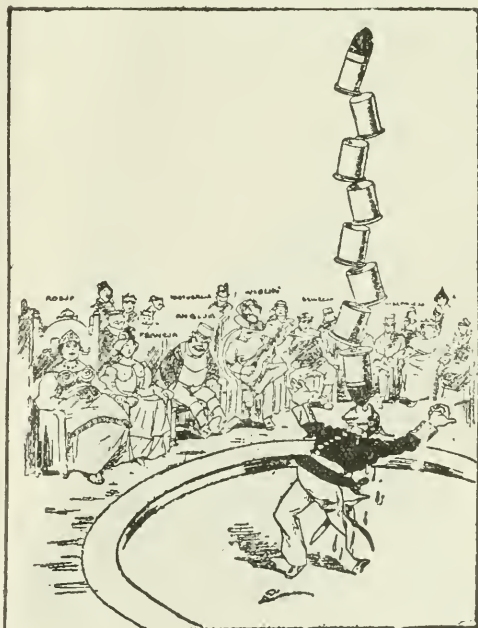


Mucha.

[Warsaw.

IN THE FORGE OF THE TRIPLE ENTENTE.

ANGEL OF PEACE: "A gentleman of Berlin has sent me with a letter for you. He awaits behind the door for the reply."

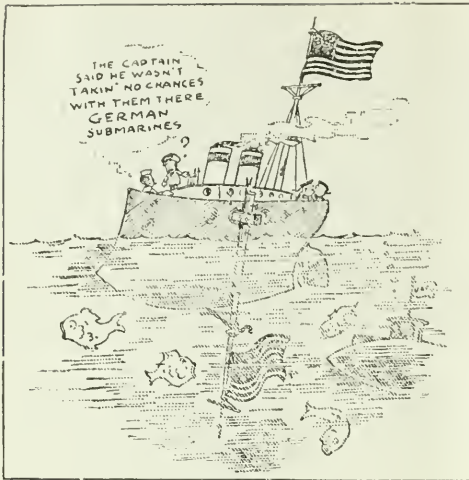


Mucha.

[Warsaw.

IN THE WORLD'S CIRCUS.

This German is not a bad juggler, but it is doubtful if he can keep up much longer with only two full shells and six empty ones.

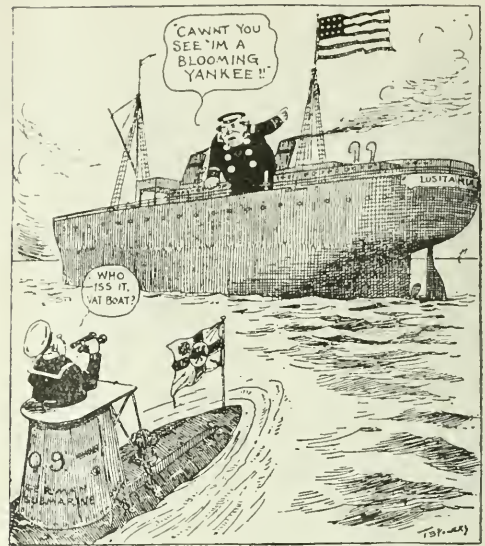


[Evening Sun.]

[New York.]

A SUGGESTION TO FOREIGN SHIP CAPTAINS WHO HAVE BEEN FLYING THE AMERICAN FLAG TO PROTECT THEMSELVES.

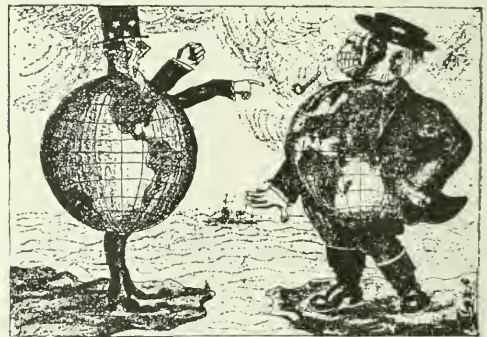
cartoon of the month in an American paper. "Every Body Busy," hits off the situation in the Far East with uncanny exactitude. Note the wireless distress signals being sent from the China man's pigtail! The two German cartoons dealing with the African position have received uncomfortable confirmation in recent cables. Mucha shows a happy confidence that the war will end shortly.



[American.]

[New York.]

JOHN BULL USES THE AMERICAN FLAG FOR PROTECTION.



[Kiseriki.]

[Vienna.]

AN ERNEST WORD TO JOHN BULL.



[Beck's Weekly.]

[Montreal.]

A CANADIAN VIEW OF GERMAN-AMERICAN ACTIVITIES.



[Plain Dealer.]

[Cleveland.]

JOHN BULL (seeing Uncle Sam at the ship shop): "Blawst it, wot's 'ee loawn' around 'ere for? 'E's no sailor."



THE ENGLISH OCTOPUS.

He had the world in his grasp, but was being compelled to give way to the Germans.

On the whole, the American papers treat the question of our ships sheltering beneath "Old Glory" in decidedly



[Vienna.]
THE UNITED STATES PROTESTS TO ENGLAND.
PRESIDENT WILSON: "This impudent searching of my ships—I shall soon get tired of it!"



Saturday Evening Post.]

STILL NEUTRAL.

humorous vein. *The Evening Sun* is particularly amusing. The Austrian *Kikeriki*, on the other hand, endeavours to visualise the wish that this action of Great Britain will bring about serious complications with the United States. The Italian *Il Mulo* is almost German in its cartoon "the English Octopus." The difficulties of keeping neutral are widely dealt with in the American



World.]

[New York.]
TRYING TO PUSH HIM ON.

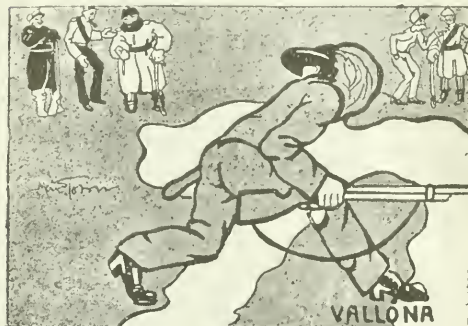


Mucha.]

[Warsaw.

THE DISINTEGRATION OF TURKEY.

papers. One of the best cartoons appears in *The Saturday Evening Post*, showing the German-Americans and the British Americans doing their best to drag a scared Uncle Sam from his perch on the fence!



Pasquino.]

[Turin.

THE POWERS (to Italy): "Go to Avlona. We agree to it all the more readily—because we cannot help ourselves!"



Hindi Punch.]

THE TURK'S PROTECTION.

TURK: "It is all very well to dissemble your love, but why do you press so heavily on me?"
GERM-HUN: "I am keeping watch over you, my friend!"

The Italians are hardly likely to appreciate *Lustige Blätter's* suggestion that von Bülow went to Rome to assist the Italian Prime Minister steer the ship of state. *Pasquino* has no illusions with



Lustige Blätter.]

[Berlin.

BON VOYAGE FOR ITALY—A GERMAN VIEW.

Salandra (Italian Premier) is undoubtedly an excellent skipper, but even the best captains take a good pilot (von Bülow) aboard in difficult waters.



Pasquino.]

[Turin.

THE ETERNAL FATHER: "What are your Majesty's orders for to-night?"

WILLIAM: "An earthquake in neutral countries."



Seculo Comico.]

[Lisbon.

IN THE MANGER OF BETHLEHEM.

WILLIAM: "Get out! I am now the saviour of the world!"

regard to the lack of protest by the Powers when Italy took possession of Avlona. British papers constantly de-

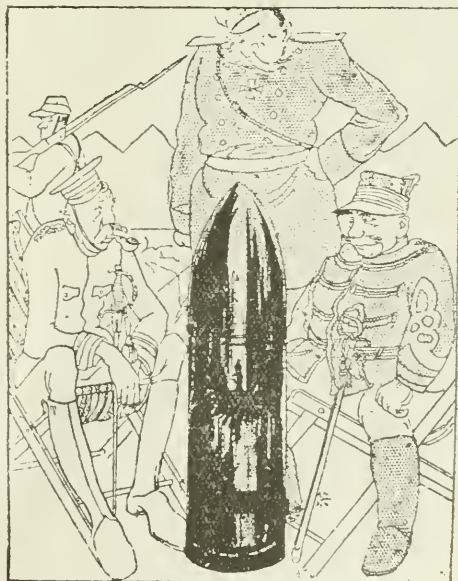
pict the Kaiser as God, but the Portuguese and Italians go a little further than we have yet ventured to!



Mucha.]

THE MODERN HEROD.

[Warsaw.



Jugend.]

TOO LATE!

[Munich.

We should have included Germany in our Triple Entente.

H.M. Super-Dreadnought Audacious.

Is the Story of Her Loss a Myth, or is it True?

Last November the American and Canadian newspapers devoted columns to the reports about the alleged loss of the *Audacious*, one of our most powerful super-Dreadnoughts. About the same time journals in neutral countries took up the tale, and so circumstantial were the accounts given that we may take it as certain that, rightly or wrongly, everyone in the world—with the exception of those living in the British Empire, Russia and France—implicitly believe that on October 27th, 1914, the mighty battleship was holed by a mine or a torpedo and destroyed.

The first account of the "disaster" reached New York from a correspondent of the Associated Press—that organisation whose news gatherers are to be found everywhere—who, being unable to cable the report, mailed it from "somewhere in Ireland." This report, which was printed in every daily paper in the United States, and by many in Canada on November 16th, was reprinted here last month in one or two of our most prominent journals. It told of the rescue of the crew of the warship by the White Star mammoth liner, the *Olympic*, which, in reply to wireless calls for help, rushed to the assistance of the wounded monster. According to this account the *Olympic* was only ten miles away when the battleship was struck, and the general consensus of opinion on board the liner appears to have been that the damage was done by a torpedo, not by a mine, because the wound was well aft. Had it been a mine, the blow would have been received forward, as the ship would strike the mine, not the mine the ship.

If there is any truth in the story at all, the sinking of the ship would certainly appear to be due to a torpedo, for the Germans have sacrificed long range in these weapons in order to put a charge in them about half as heavy

again as that carried by ours. It is said that this terrific charge will make so huge a wound that even the Dreadnoughts' special compartments, which are supposed to make them unsinkable, would not suffice to save them. A mine is not able to carry a charge powerful enough to send a super-Dreadnought to the bottom.

The *Olympic* is said to have taken off all the crew save a few who were rescued by torpedo-craft and the cruiser *Liverpool*. The account sent by the Associated Press man was absolutely denied by Dr. Beaumont, the White Star surgeon, on board; but many members of the crew gave the details to different papers when they returned to New York, and, on the whole, these various accounts are wonderfully similar. One would say, on the face of it, that not all of these men could have been in a conspiracy to foist a fairy tale on the public. What they said, up to a certain point, is certainly confirmed by the publication of the following telegram which appeared in the *Toronto Globe* on February 14th:—

"The Audacious," one of Great Britain's finest and most powerful battleships of the super-Dreadnought class, will rejoin the Grand Fleet next week. She will leave the shipyards of Harland and Wolff, Belfast, on Monday without a flaw in her hull or armament. Such was the information contained in advices received on Friday in New York by the "Herald."

The mighty first-line warship of the Royal navy did not rise like Venus from the sea, as might be supposed from the reiterated reports of her destruction off the north Irish coast on October 27th last. In the light of the news received here, the "Audacious," although badly crippled, either by a German torpedo or mine, was not sunk. With her wounded hull bound in collision mats and the gaping hole below the water line adequately plugged, she remained afloat, and was safely guided into dry dock at Belfast, several hours in the wake of the "Olympic," of the White Star line, which put about in response to the battleship's radio signal of distress.

If that is true then the surgeon can only have been faithfully carrying out the instructions given him to know nothing about the disaster. He says, by-the-way, that he left the *Olympic* on October 29th, whereas, according to other members of the crew, the liner was detained in Lough Swilly for a week, no one being allowed to leave her save Mr. Schwab, the steel king of America, who, say the American journals, had gone off post haste from the United States to England in order to confer with the Admiralty about the submarines the British authorities were asking him to build for them. President Wilson, by-the-way, is said to have asked Mr. Schwab not to proceed with the boats, as all that could be turned out were needed for the United States' own navy.

DID SHE BLOW UP?

All the accounts in the American papers, however, leave room for doubt as to whether the *Audacious* did actually sink or not. Passengers are all united as to her disablement, and the message from Toronto, quoted above, admits that she was damaged, but that by great efforts she was prevented from sinking, and was repaired at Harland and Wolff's great yards in Belfast. It does not necessarily follow that the explosion heard by the men on the *Olympic*, after the liner had abandoned her efforts to tow the battleship, occurred on the *Audacious* or even if it did that it sank her. The White Star boat was on her way to Lough Swilly at the time and apparently no longer within sight of the wounded leviathan.

It appears that the crew of the *Olympic* were paid off when she finally reached Liverpool, but many of them returned to New York on other ships, and as they arrived enterprising American newspaper men waylaid them, and dragged the story from their reluctant lips. The following accounts given by James R. Beames, bandmaster, and Hugh Griffiths, musician, both members of the orchestra of the *Olympic*, are as clear as any, and tell just about the same tale as others whose stories appeared about the same time. We quote from *The Montreal Gazette*:—

"The men arrived to-day on the American liner *New York*, and at first declined to make any statement regarding the disaster, because they had been instructed by Admiralty officials at Belfast before they left the *Olympic* not to disclose what they had seen.

"In spite of the fact that there were nine hundred officers and men on the *Audacious*, and that the rescue work was carried on under great difficulty in heavy seas and a westerly gale, only two lives were lost. One was a petty officer, who was drowned out of a life-boat; the other a gunner's mate, who was struck by a fragment of steel when the *Audacious* was blown up.

AN EYE-WITNESS'S STORY.

"Bandmaster Beames told the story to a reporter, who boarded the *New York*:—

"After the *Olympic* left New York on October 21,' he said, 'we heard for the first time that the north-east coast of Ireland was reported to have been mined, and that certain shipping men in New York had bet long odds that the ship would not reach Greenock safely.

"All went well, however, until 10 o'clock on the morning of October 27, when we sighted Tory Island, off the Irish coast. It was a dull, cold morning, with a strong, westerly gale blowing and a very heavy sea running. At 11 o'clock we sighted two warships ahead. The larger of the two was wallowing in the trough of the sea, and so deep by the stern that the seas were washing over the quarter deck. This was the *Audacious*.

"FLEW DISTRESS SIGNAL.

"At first we did not think there was anything serious the matter until the other vessel, which proved to be the cruiser *Liverpool*, began to circle zig-zag fashion across the course of the *Olympic* for about fifteen minutes. By that time we were close enough to observe from the decks, without the aid of glasses, that the battleship had her distress signal flying, a blue and white checkered flag, the letter "N" of the International Signal Code, at her main signal yard.

"The cruiser had circled ahead of the *Olympic* in order to be certain that there was no further risk from mines.

We stopped within five hundred yards of the disabled warship, and a few minutes later the order was given: "Man the boats!"

"Fourteen lifeboats were swung out on the port side first, under the direction of Staff-Captain Metcalfe, but they were swung in again, and the boats were lowered from the starboard side. They were manned by sailors, firemen and stewards from the *Olympic* without any excitement. When the order was given the stewards all rushed for the boats, and a bell-boy, not fifteen years old, climbed into lifeboat No. 2 and hid, and he was not discovered until the boat had left the ship.

"While the boats were being lowered a boat was put off on the port side of the battleship with five men in it, and almost immediately capsized in the heavy sea. A minute or two later we saw clearly from the deck of the *Olympic* four heads bobbing on top of the water, and then four men climbed upon the keel of the capsized boat. The fifth man, a petty officer, was drowned.

"A second boat put off from the starboard side of the *Audacious*, and rescued the men from their perilous position after they had clung on for ten minutes.

"The lifeboats were half an hour in reaching the side of the warship, owing to the big seas, which made rowing difficult. The bowmen threw the painters when they got close alongside, and they were caught by the crew of the *Audacious* and made fast on board.

"MAGNIFICENT DISCIPLINE.

"As the lifeboats rose on top of the high seas, the crew of the partly submerged warship took their chances and jumped down the rail. The discipline on the *Audacious* was magnificent. The men stood stripped to their trousers and flannel undershirts, calmly waiting their turns, as if it were an ordinary drill; while the officers walked the bridge with their hands behind their backs as if they were on review.

"While the rescue work was going on, several torpedo-boats, trawlers and light cruisers had come on the scene in answer to wireless messages sent by the *Liverpool*. Two hundred and fifty

of the crew of the *Audacious* were taken to the *Olympic* and four hundred and fifty others were distributed among the destroyers and the cruisers. The remaining two hundred of the crew were mustered on the forecastle head of the *Audacious* to assist in attempting to save the ship.

"By this time the *Audacious* was very deep in the water. The mine had blown the hole into her at eight o'clock, and she had then been five hours with water rushing through the great breach in her port quarter. The port rail of the quarter deck was under water, and her port guns in the main turret were awash.

"Some of the *Olympic's* boats made as many as three trips in rescuing the crew. By one o'clock the crew of the *Olympic* had returned on board, leaving fourteen lifeboats floating adrift, because it was impossible to hoist them up in the heavy sea.

"FUTILE ATTEMPTS AT TOWING.

"The salvage operations were begun by the little destroyer *Fury* by a splendid piece of seamanship. She came close up to the *Olympic*, and took a light steel hawser over to the bow of the *Audacious*, where it was put around the capstan and the men in the fore-castle head hove in a big steel hawser, which they made fast to the *Audacious*.

"After skilful manœuvring, Captain H. J. Haddock, commander of the *Olympic*, started with a steady strain to tow the battleship to Lough Swilly, which was twenty miles away. The heavy seas lifted the *Olympic* up and caused the hawser to snap from the weight of the battleship in the trough of the sea.

"Once again the plucky little destroyer *Fury* came and cast another hawser from the *Olympic* to the *Audacious*. The second hawser snapped in the same manner. As a final effort, Captain Haddock tried to get a six-inch hawser to the battleship from the *Olympic* direct by manœuvring his ship so as to get her stern directly over the bow of the *Audacious*. After several attempts, this was given up. The seas and gale had increased in violence, and there would have been danger of a collision if the *Olympic* got too close.

"At 6 o'clock it had become dark, and the captain of the *Audacious* signalled to Captain Haddock to go on to Lough Swilly and leave his lifeboats to be used for rescuing the two hundred men left on the *Audacious* when it became necessary.

"The *Olympic* arrived in Lough Swilly on the same night. The survivors of the battleship had very little clothing when they boarded the *Olympic* and were fitted out by the crew of the liner. An engine artificer, in describing the disaster, said that he had just gone on duty at eight bells, and was in the steering room when he heard a loud report on the port side resembling a six-inch gun.

"TORPEDO! PORT SIDE!"

"A few minutes afterward the word was passed to the engine-room: 'Torpedo, port side. Close all watertight doors.'

"The order having been obeyed, he went on deck, where most of the crew had quietly assembled, waiting for orders. The other battleships of the squadron that accompanied the *Audacious* had steamed away a moment after the explosion, following Admiralty instructions.

"After she had been struck the *Audacious* circled about in order to keep her from settling. The cruiser *Liverpool* was the first to come up, but could not rescue the crew because she was stripped for action and had very few boats. At first it was thought that the *Audacious* had been struck by a torpedo fired from a submarine, but it was afterwards discovered that she had hit a floating mine laid by German trawlers sailing under the Norwegian flag.

"The *Olympic* was the second ship to arrive on the scene, and by that time the *Audacious* was so down by her stern in the water that the order was given to 'draw the fires.'

"The blowing up of the battleship took place at nine o'clock that night, and was witnessed from the afterdeck of the *Olympic* by Hugh Griffiths and several of the passengers and the crew.

"I was standing on deck just after two bells had struck,' said Griffiths, 'when suddenly a bright glare shot up

three or four hundred feet into the sky in a direct line with the harbour, which was where we had left the *Audacious*. It lit up the whole ship's decks like day for a period of about ten seconds, and then came a low, rumbling report that was re-echoed from the shore.

"BLOWN UP BY ORDER.

"When the two hundred men that were left on the *Audacious* were brought on board the *Olympic* about midnight by trawlers and destroyers, they told us that the *Audacious* had been blown up by wireless order from the Admiralty. There was only one fatal accident. A gunner's mate of the *Liverpool*, who was standing at the rail aft watching the explosion was struck by a piece of steel and instantly killed.

"In order that the news of the sinking of one of the finest ships in the navy should not get out the Admiralty kept the *Olympic* in Lough Swilly for a week. There was not a single complaint on the part of the passengers, and they all promised not to make any statements when they landed at Belfast."

WHY SUPPRESS THE NEWS?

Why, one would naturally like to ask these American editors who have allowed the publication of these reports, if the Dreadnought were really lost should Great Britain not frankly confess it as she has admitted all her naval losses up to now? The answer to this question is to be found variously set forth in journals published in the United States. One, for instance, argues that, unlike the other disasters which have occurred, this was unknown to the Germans. It was a mine, not a submarine, which accomplished her destruction, consequently the enemy were quite ignorant of the loss, and under the circumstances it was unwise to let them know.

A PLAUSIBLE TALE.

Others again affirmed that the accident was due to a British, not a German, mine, and, therefore, it was absolutely necessary that silence should be preserved about it. But by far the most plausible, if not the most accurate, explanation given was that, when being towed painfully to Lough Swilly, the

mighty ship suddenly sank plumb in the fairway, bottling up some five or six super Dreadnoughts who were in the harbour at the time! This meant that if, at that moment, the German ships had sallied forth, they would have met the British battle fleet on terms of far less hopeless inequality than at any other time since the outbreak of hostilities. To prevent them seizing this opportunity, it was absolutely necessary that not the slightest whisper should get out. If there be any truth in this story it certainly amply justifies the action of the Admiralty in preserving absolute silence and enforcing it on all newspapers. *The Times* it is true became very restive, and wrote a leader demanding why a disaster which was known in Germany, and all over the world should be withheld from the British public, but, not even in Parliament, where veiled question were asked on the subject, could any admission whatever be dragged from the Government.

IS IT THE "AUDACIOUS"?

Another interesting question for our American confreres would be how they account for the fact that the *Audacious* is now afloat with the battle fleet, for almost all of them agree in saying that the gigantic warship was either sunk or blown up. No one could assume for a moment that the fertile imagination of the smartest newspaper men in the world could not provide an adequate answer to that query. They admit at once that a super Dreadnought named the *Audacious* is now in commission, but they say the vessel which now bears that name is an even more powerful battleship than its namesake, which sank beneath the waves of the North Atlantic, to wit, the mighty *Amirante Cochrane*, one of the two warships which Britain "took over" from Chili on the outbreak of the war. These immense super-Dreadnoughts are of 28,000 tons to the *Audacious*'s 23,600, and mount ten 14 inch guns to her ten 13.5 inch weapons. They are regarded as probably the most terrible fighting machines afloat. The crew saved by the *Olympic* from the sinking Dreadnought are, say these scribes, still on

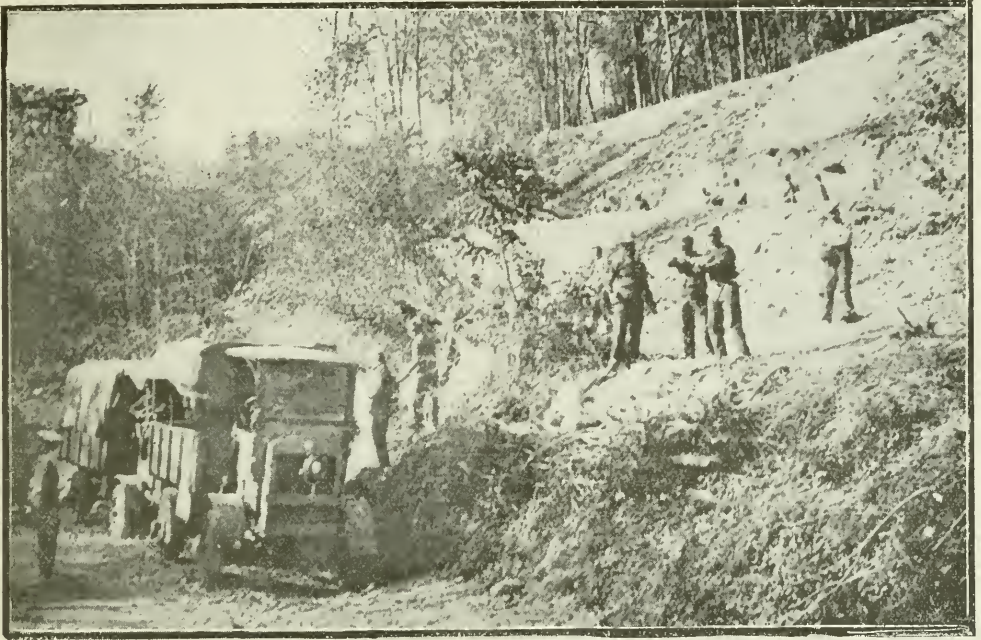
board the *Audacious*, but they will find her a quicker and more powerful boat in every way! Let us put that down as a fairy tale invented to cover the previous reports about the total loss of the ship!

TWO TO ONE IN DREADNOUGHTS.

But whether she has done so or not Great Britain could well afford to lose even so great a floating fort as the *Audacious*, and hardly feel it. When the war started we had 22 Dreadnoughts and ten battle cruisers in commission. Germany had 16 Dreadnoughts and five battle cruisers. But whilst Germany can at the most have added one Dreadnought, the *Kronprinz*, which, in the ordinary way, would not be ready until next September, Britain has actually added no less than nine mighty super-Dreadnoughts. Even if she has lost the *Audacious*, she has thirty Dreadnoughts to Germany's possible 17. In battle cruisers we still have ten, although two, the *Lion* and the *Irresistible*, are damaged, but the Germans have only four, the *Goeben* being now Turkish. Of these four, the two biggest, the *Derflinger* and the *Seydlitz*, are disabled. Assuming the damaged ships are now again fit for service, Great Britain has actually two ships of the Dreadnought type to every one Germany can man—forty to twenty!

OUR MIGHTY GUNS.

When we examine the Dreadnoughts we find that the superiority is even more marked. Ten of our ships are the old Dreadnought class, and no less than twenty are super-Dreadnoughts, and of these twelve are so greatly the superiors of any other ships in the world, that they ought to be called super-super-Dreadnoughts. Germany has four of the Dreadnought type, nine super-Dreadnoughts and four super-super-Dreadnoughts. But whilst the heaviest guns the German ships mount are 12 inch weapons, all our super-Dreadnoughts mount 13.5 inch guns, and the latest have 15 inch weapons. As this war has demonstrated over and over again that the big gun wins every time, the German fleet simply isn't it.



FRENCH ENGINEERS CONSTRUCTING TRENCHES IN THE FORESTS OF ARGONNE.

GERMAN EFFORTS IN FEBRUARY.

BY FRANK H. SIMONDS.

Mr. Simonds' brilliant review of the fighting brings us down to the end of February, a month of German successes. As in all his articles, Mr. Simonds, from the vantage ground of a neutral State—where there is no censor, and news is obtained from both sides—gives us an insight into the actual state of affairs which no other writer succeeds in doing. Next month he will tell of the extraordinary change in the Eastern theatre of war, which took place in March.

Viewed from the military side, February was for Germany the most brilliantly successful month since October, when she took Antwerp and approached the very walls of Warsaw. Eastward her victories over the Russians were as complete in Bukowina as in East Prussia, and her armies brought new life to Austro-Hungarian efforts in the Carpathians. Only the defeat of a naval raid directed at the British coast and the loss of the *Bluecher* gave Berlin cause for regret.

Yet the solid and splendid triumphs of German arms had for the world less meaning than the official declarations which by their very defiance of international practice and neutral rights seemed to emphasise how serious for

Germany had become the question of her food supply and how terrible was the advantage of sea power possessed by her most relentless and most hated enemy, England.

I. —POLITICS AND STRATEGY IN THE EAST.

In December and early January Austrian disaster had for the second time given the world reason to believe that a collapse of the Dual Empire might change the whole face of the conflict. While Russian armies again passed the central and eastern Carpathian passes other forces swept Bukowina and approached Transylvania. The occupation of the crownland was a fair invitation to Roumania to join the con-

flict on the Russian side, and receive Bukowina as a bribe, and Transylvania as a reward for participation.

For Germany the problem was promptly set to protect Hungary, grown impatient through disaster and anxious because of impending attack from Serbia, from Galicia and Bukowina, and because of the possibility of Roumanian hostility. The resignation of Berchtold and the selection of Burian were evidences that within the Empire Hungarian apprehensions were recognised. The visit of Count Tisza to the Kaiser was a sign that Germany had been warned.

This warning Germany received with all possible attention, and acted upon with amazing promptness. Thus in January, while the Russian occupation of Transylvania was being discussed, German troops were brought south and concentrated in lower Hungary. Their purpose, it was duly announced from Vienna and Berlin, was a new invasion of victorious but stricken Serbia. Yet a few weeks later these troops appeared in Transylvania, and moved east parallel to the Roumanian frontier—as a warning to the Hohenzollern king of this state that to take Transylvania he must fight the head of the Hohenzollern house.

Under the pressure of these troops Russian armies in Bukowina speedily began to give ground. Step by step they were driven from before the Borgo and Kirilibaba passes, they were cleared out of the foothills of the Carpathians, and, on February 17, when this is written, their retreat has halted at the Sereth River, a few miles south and west of Czernowitz and the Russian frontier, more than two-thirds of Bukowina has been reconquered and the Germans have interposed a wall of troops between the Czar and his prospective Roumanian allies.

In the same time there came from Budapest new rumours of Russian disaster, of the suicide of a Russian commander, and the capture of the general staff of the defeated army. These rumours were promptly discounted, but there remained the solid fact that Bukowina had been reconquered, the invita-

tion to Roumania to participate in the war had been abruptly cancelled by German arms, and from Bucharest there came no more reports of the intervention of the Latin state without delay. On the contrary, there were credible reports of the release of vast stores of grain previously purchased by Germany and Austria, temporarily held up by the Roumanian Government, but now permitted to go north. Patently a military campaign waged for obvious political ends had succeeded.

Nor did the quieting of Roumania end the success of German policy. A German loan to Bulgaria again stimulated rumour that Ferdinand and his Bulgarian subjects were contemplating an entrance into the war on the German side, were planning to retake Macedonia, to strike at Serbia and Greece, and, by cutting the Orient Railway, shut off the Slav state from Salonica and foreign supplies, and by invading the Valley of the Morava open a road between Berlin and Constantinople, and thus unite the central or Continental nations. This rumour was perhaps idle, but it is interesting to note, as it indicates the change in a month from the January gossip of Roumanian attack upon Hungary.

Finally, from Albania came a fresh incursion into Serbia along the marches of the Drina, directed at Prisrend and the territory still populated by Albanians but ceded to Serbia and Montenegro by the Treaty of London. Here was new work for the Serbian army calculated to keep it occupied south of the Danube and away from Bosnia until Germany had dealt with Russian activity in the south-east. Such, briefly summarised, were the purpose and achievement of German arms in Bukowina. Thus promptly and completely had the Kaiser answered the appeal for help made a few weeks before; thus had he justified the affection and esteem in which he had long been held by the Hungarians and silenced the whispers of discontent in Budapest.

II THE BATTLE FOR THE CARPATHIANS.

It was not merely for the saving of Transylvania that Hungary appealed

to the Kaiser; even more serious was the menace which a Russian advance across the Carpathians south of Przemyśl and Lemberg had for the Magyar State. To explain this campaign it is necessary briefly to describe the military importance of the Carpathians and of the passes which connect Galicia with Northern Hungary.

Looking at the map, it will be seen that the Carpathian range stretches in a wide half-circle from the southernmost corner of German Silesia to the frontier of Roumania. On a relief map it will be noted that this great circle is pierced almost at the centre by a wide depression, due south of Przemyśl and Lemberg. West of this depression the Carpathians form three separate folds or ridges, from north to south the Western Beskids, the High Tatra and the Low Tatra. East of it, the range spreads out with high summits known as the Eastern Beskids and the Forest Mountains. While the High Tatra reach an elevation of nearly 9000 feet and the summits in the eastern mountains pass 6000, the elevation of the central depression is well below 2000 and through several gaps the main roads and railways from Hungary into Eastern Galicia find their way.

Three of these passes have been in the news of the war ever since the Russians entered Lemberg. These are, from west to east, the Dukla Pass, through which goes the main highway from Hungary to Galicia, that reaches the Galician Plain south-east of Tarnów; the Lupkow Pass, through which runs the railroad from Budapest to Przemyśl, which joins the southern Galician trunk line at Sanok and the Uzsok Pass, through which goes the main railway between Vienna and Lemberg, and also an important military highway. South of the Uzsok is the Vereczke Pass, through which another trunk line goes from Vienna to Lemberg, crossing the southern Galician line at Stryj, as the Uzsok line does at Sambor.

By these passes Russian raiding forces descended into the Hungarian Plain along the Theiss River in December, spread destruction and compelled the recall of Austrian army corps which

at that moment were on the point of crushing the Serbian army about Valievo. It was over these four passes that the Austrians in November had come to the relief of Przemyśl in the campaign which ended in disaster along the San.

At the westernmost point of their advance the Russians penetrated Hungary to the environs of the city of Kassa, 170 miles from the Hungarian capital, and in January vast throngs of fugitives brought to Budapest evidence of Russian incursion. If Hungarian loyalty to the Austro-German alliance were to be maintained it was necessary for Germany to intervene in the Carpathians as in Bukowina. Once more Germany's resources in men and material were adequate.

Thus, while in January the battle reports spoke of towns in the valleys of the Latorze, the Ung and the Laborc, tributaries of the Theiss on the Hungarian side of the mountains, by February even the Russian bulletins began to concede the presence of Austro-German forces in the upper valleys of the Wislocka, the San, and the Dneister; that is, on the Galician side of the range. By February 17 the Russians conceded that they had yielded in all four of the passes, and had taken their stand on the foothills of the Carpathians on the Galician side and along the southern Galician trunk line, which crosses the lines coming through the passes at Stryj, Sambor, Sanok, and Krasno.

At the moment these lines are written the Austro-German campaign seems momentarily pausing at the foot of the passes on the Galician side. If the offensive can be pushed home along the roads and railways now partially occupied, the deliverance of Galicia, held since September 1, must follow. But already the whole Russian offensive along the Carpathians from the Roumanian frontier to the Tatra has been halted, thrown back, cleared out of the important passes. The invasion of Hungary is no longer discussed, the reconquest of Galicia is the question of the hour.

While the Russians have thus been driven out of the Carpathians, they have been checked about Tarnow, fifty miles east of Cracow, which is no longer threatened with siege. Such, briefly, is German achievement in defence of Hungary, an achievement in which Austro-Hungarian troops shared largely, but for which the chief credit must go to the German.

III.—IN EAST PRUSSIA.

To answer the Austro-German thrust through Bukowina and over the Carpathians the Russians chose to strike at East Prussia. Strategically such a move was advantageous because it meant moving troops a far shorter distance away from Warsaw, which remained the centre of military operations in the whole eastern front. Practically, could East Prussia be overrun, the whole Russian front would be straightened, a great province, a source of food supply to Germany, would be conquered, and ultimately the German position between the Bzura and the Nida in Russian Poland would be exposed to attack in the flank and rear.

Thus, while the main Russian and German armies faced each other west of Warsaw on the lines they had taken when Hindenburg's great offensive against the Polish capital had been halted in December, new armies were directed against the German positions north of the Vistula and south of the Niemen, on a front from Tilsit to Johannisburg, while another force moved down the north bank of the Vistula toward Thorn.

Again it is necessary to glance at the map to grasp the operations. Inside the eastern frontier of East Prussia some fifty miles there extends from north to south between Insterburg and Johannisburg that intricate tangle of water known as the Msurian Lakes, out of which flows the Angerapp River, which joins the Inster at Insterburg to make the Pregel, a stream that enters the sea at Koenigsberg. In this region Rennenkampff had suffered his great disaster in September at Tannenberg. To this obstacle the Russians had returned in October after defeating a Ger-

man invasion of Suwalki Province at the Battle of Augustovo.

For three months Russian and German forces had faced each other in this region with little or no change of position. Now the Russians undertook to turn the Germans out of their strong position behind the Msurian Lakes by attacking from the north and south; that is, by coming in on the flanks. At the outset this move met with apparent success. Coming west on the solid ground between the Niemen and the Angerapp Rivers, the Russians approached Tilsit, took Pilkallen, began to talk again of a siege of Koenigsberg. At the same time, to the south of the Msurian region, between the East Prussian frontier and the Vistula, they made headway toward Thorn.

In the first week in February, however, Hindenburg countered with terrific force. The first sign was a renewal of the German offensive south of the Vistula and along the Bzura-Rawa front. On this line the Germans began a series of desperate assaults, which were announced as a new drive at Warsaw. Petrograd proclaimed the slaughter in these fights the greatest in the whole war, and there were circumstantial reports that the Kaiser himself had been shocked by the sacrifice of life in a forlorn undertaking.

By the second week in this month, however, the truth became apparent. The German attacks had been mere screening movements to cover the withdrawal of troops from this front to East Prussia, and very soon Petrograd began to concede defeat and retreat in East Prussia, while Berlin announced a second Tannenberg and the capture of 40,000 Russians. In any event it was clear that by the use of automobiles, by again employing the strategic railways along the East Prussian frontier, the Germans had rushed overwhelming forces into East Prussia, beaten the Russian flanking force between the Niemen and the Angerapp and completely redeemed East Prussia, save for a little corner about Lyck.

On February 17 German troops were advancing eastward all along the front from the Vistula to the Niemen, were



THE EASTERN THEATRE OF WAR.

(Reproduced from the splendid map of Europe published in "The Literary Digest.")

across the Russian frontier in many places, and were still driving the Russians back toward their fortresses of Kovno, Grodno, Bielestok, and Ostrolenka; that is, behind the Niemen and the Narew. Seven months after the war had broken out German soil was practically free of Russians, and from the Roumanian frontier to the Baltic German troops, with the support of their Austro-Hungarian allies, were advancing.

In this situation it was conceivable that a German drive at Warsaw from the north, defeated by weather rather than Russian arms in December, might be resumed. But as the Polish spring approached and the roads became impassable, military authorities began to forecast a new German effort in the West, where spring would bring good roads. At the least Germany could now choose, and in the East the initiative was hers. If Russia had, on the whole, done more than had been expected of her, she had so far failed to harvest decisive results, and was at a standstill.

IV.—STILL THE DEADLOCK IN THE WEST.

While Russia had met with complete failure in the East, while Germany had multiplied armies on the whole front from the Baltic to the Pruth, and won notable triumphs, she had displayed no weakness on the West. Not only had she beaten down all that was left of the much-heralded French offensive in Alsace, retained the ground won along the Aisne before Soissons and about Rheims, and held off the British attack upon La Bassée, but eastward of Rheims, about Souain, she had, on the confession of French official statements, overwhelmed a French detachment and made good her triumph.

In a word, the deadlock in the West was unbroken in February, and nowhere was there the slightest indication that the Allies were now making progress, even by inches, toward the liberation of French soil.

That the French and English had been able to manufacture heavy artillery to match the Germans was conceded on all sides, and superiority for

new British guns was claimed in official statements. That sufficient ammunition was in their hands was suggested by German statements of the discovery of American supplies among the captures. In arms and ammunition the gap between Germany and her opponents had plainly been permanently bridged. In numbers it was stated by many, whose views deserve credence, that the Germans had now less than 1,000,000 on the western front, were outnumbered at least two to one; yet such was the use they made of captured railways that their numbers remained wholly adequate for their task.

In February, too, military observers commented freely upon the growing difficulty of the Allied task. There was no real belief that Germany could again sweep south, no notion that her successes could be more than local; what was in the minds of military critics was the fact that there had been allowed to Germany so many months to fortify her lines behind her front that months, and even several years, might pass before there could be any real hope that Lille, St. Quentin, and Maubeuge would be freed from the invader by military operation.

What was in the minds of all observers was the prospect that the defeat of Germany, if it were to be achieved in advance of the slow and terrible attrition of years of conflict, must come from the use of naval power and not by any spectacular or immediate military operation. In September the French and English had attempted to turn the Germans out of France by a flank move to Belgium. This had failed. In December and January a second effort by a general offensive from Switzerland to the sea had failed, had resulted in a loss of territory, insignificant but humiliating, in a loss of life all official reports concealed.

Military men paid full tribute to the strength and efficiency of the French army. Whatever its state in August, it was in February fit for any possible task. But until England's new million had come there was small hope for the French of clearing their own soil.

ELWOOD MEAD : IRRIGATOR.



It is given to few men to write their names across a country or state. To leave a permanent impress on two continents is so rare an achievement as to be almost unique nowadays. Yet this is what Mr. Mead has actually done. Before he came to Victoria he was recognised in the United States as one of the greatest authorities on irrigation that cradle of artificial watering had produced. Early in his remarkable career he had evolved the famous "Water Law" of Wyoming, which law has since been taken as a model for similar enactments throughout the whole of America. That alone was a great thing, but it was only one of the milestones in a career of extraordinary achievement.

Just when he appeared to be on the eve of attaining the goal of his professional ambition, a terrible accident, which almost cost him his life, and made him an invalid for five years with an injured back, seemed to raise a blank wall against his further progress. Yet, terrible as the disappointment was at

the time it was actually a blessing in disguise, for had Mr. Mead won the position he wanted in those days he would have gone to it without the experience which will enable him to more ably fill the greater post which has now been offered him. This apparent failure, years ago, has made it possible for him to receive the highest evidence of the confidence and appreciation of his own country.

When the most responsible and important irrigation commission yet created in America was decided on, the Government looked round to find a man big enough to become its chairman. It had no hesitation in the matter, but cabled at once to the one man whose experience, whose record of achievement, whose ability, and whose uprightness gave guarantee that the great task before the Commission would be thoroughly carried out. This call came to the late Chairman of the Water Commission after an absence of nearly eight years from his native land, came without any effort on his part or the exertion of any personal influence. Is it to be wondered at that Mr. Mead felt compelled to accept this entirely unexpected offer, this crown to his career?

Here he had that very opportunity of assisting to direct Government undertaking for the development of a continent which years before had apparently slipped from his grasp for ever. Much bold irrigation work has been done throughout the States, but naturally a great deal of it was experimental, and experience has proved that some of the schemes were more ambitious than efficient. In many cases the irrigators have to bear heavier burdens than they could carry, and it became necessary to reappraise all work done, and determine the prices which irrigators are to pay for water under works which have already cost £24,000,000, and on which the expenditure this year is no less than £3,000,000. This is the task of the newly created Commission. One of Mr. Mead's colleagues will be an ex-chief of

the United States Engineers, the Government corps which has charge of all rivers, harbours and fortifications in the United States. Far-reaching as will be the influence wielded by such a Commission in a vast country peopled by close on 100,000,000 souls, great as will be the opportunities of service, it is safe to say that, despite the immense pressure, notwithstanding the prize offered, which was the consummation of his greatest ambition, Mr. Mead would not have left Victoria were he not certain that the system of irrigation, whose foundation he had so well and truly laid in the State, would be carried to final and triumphant success by his associates who remain in charge of the undertaking.

Mr. Mead returns to America with the belief that his experience in closer settlement work here, in dealing personally with the individual settler, has given him a training and experience which will be of the greatest value in aiding to bring into more successful and profitable use the great engineering works which the United States has been building during the past ten years. The Americans have found that the greatest problems of irrigation are not engineering but human and economic, that the dams and canals are only means to an end, and that unless men can be found who can use land and water profitably, unless homes can be created which embody comfort and right social conditions, for all practical purposes the expenditure might as well not have been incurred. It is the aspiration and desire of the leaders of the work in America to bring about these conditions. Aspirations which led them to ask Mr. Mead to return.

His work in Victoria has been great. In the United States it will be still greater. He leaves a State where the value of irrigation is so well proved that people have already forgotten that seven years ago, when he took charge, hardly anyone had a good word to say for it. He goes to a continent where the value of irrigation is fully recognised, but where the methods employed have, in too many cases, brought disaster in their train. Those who know Mr. Mead have not the slightest doubt that,

just as he cleared up the irrigation muddle of Victoria, he will succeed in rehabilitating the immensely greater undertakings which will now be handed over to his care. Everyone who has met Mr. Mead, or has seen the result of his labours, will wish him God-speed in the mighty task before him. We will be glad, too, that the practical knowledge he has gained in putting Victorian irrigation on its feet, will enable him to do for the struggling farmers of the States what he could never have attempted had he not had that experience.

Mr. Mead's early career is written large in volumes which tell of the development of America's great West. There it will be found, here we can give but the barest outline of his remarkable life.

In many directions he has been a pioneer. He was one of the two first graduates in agriculture of the State Industrial University of Indiana; he was the first professor of irrigation engineering in the United States, and organised the course in irrigation instruction in two Universities.

He first came prominently under notice in the irrigation world when assistant engineer to the State of Colorado. He was the first State engineer of Wyoming, and the law which created the office made it his first duty to advise the Government regarding matters of legislation. It was his advice in this matter which established his reputation as an authority on the subject in the United States. He is, however, a man who has always been rather bigger than his job, consequently we find him much sought after by Universities and other bodies.

With his constantly increasing reputation, it was not surprising that the Federal Government itself desired to secure his services, and made him head of its department of irrigation under the Secretary of Agriculture.

At Washington he organised the Government Bureau for Investigation on the twin subjects of irrigation and drainage, and for ten years directed this work, which had a large influence in leading the Government to supplement private enterprise by the construction of

an immense system of works under Federal direction. Soon after assuming his new post, he met the President of the University of California, the greatest of the American irrigation States, and this interview led in a few weeks to a call from the University to organise the course in irrigation institutions and practice that now attracts students from all parts of the world. This he did, and for two years divided his time between the Department of Agriculture and the University, giving a course of lectures at the latter annually.

In addition to his work with the Federal Government and his lecture course in California, Mr. Mead was for two years a lecturer in Harvard University on irrigation institutions, and was given time to act as consulting engineer to some of the largest concerns in America, including the Canadian-Pacific railway in Canada, and the largest corporation engaged in the development of water power in the world.

Naturally, when, in 1907, Mr. Mead received the invitation of the Victorian Government to come out and take charge of its irrigation scheme, he felt himself greatly honoured, and saw before him a fine opportunity of carrying

still further the development and application of irrigation. When he got here he found that instead of carrying on more advanced methods than had been attempted in the United States he had to begin right at the beginning, go back indeed twenty years in his life as an irrigation expert, and get busy right away, convincing the people that irrigation was a blessing, not a curse. His is, indeed, a great achievement to look back on. Those who, in 1907, came to curse have remained to bless in 1915. The very men, in many cases, who damned the entire irrigation project seven years ago, now even endanger it by their insistent demands that additional areas shall be irrigated, that more, in fact, should be attempted than the available water supply could adequately deal with.

The history of the State irrigation scheme of Victoria has yet to be written, but when it is Mr. Mead's work will be even more recognised as having assured the future prosperity of Victoria than it can possibly be now when the dust and murk of conflict still obscure the vision. Future generations will have a better perspective, and will realise, better than do we, how great is the debt the State owes to Mr. Elwood Mead.

ITALY AND ALBANIA.

Albania, that child of a defunct European concert, has been left a foundling on the doorstep of the Balkans. Already the principality, deserted by the Prince foisted upon it, has practically ceased to exist. Italy has seized her ports, and Greece has taken Epirus. Essad Pasha still is a power in the land, roams about in the interior, and is no doubt the instigator of the eruptions of Albanian bandits into Serbia from time to time. Mr. Wadham Peacock discusses, in *The Contemporary*, Italy's probable actions, which must follow the final failure of the European experiment. Greece, he considers, has been very evilly inspired to grab Epirus instead of treating the new State as a friend and Ally. She has adopted the attitude of a bully and conqueror, and falsely claimed the southern Albanians

as Greeks, because many of them profess the Greek form of Christianity.

For years, of course, Greece has thrown dust in the eyes of Europe by intentionally confusing Greek religion with Greek nationality. The Turks for centuries have always distinguished between their Christian and Mohammedan subjects in Albania by calling all the former Greeks and the latter Turks. The Greeks, without, however, the excuse of the Turks, have taken advantage of this, and whenever they can do so with profit to themselves, they call all Orthodox Christians in the Balkans, Greeks. Naturally this leaves the impression that large bodies of Greeks in what was recently Turkey, are now under the dominion of Serbia, Bulgaria and Albania, whereas in reality the numbers are not great.

It is a remarkable thing that along the 600-mile coast line of Italy, washed by the Adriatic, there is not a single good harbour, whilst the opposite shore abounds in fine inlets and magnificent anchorages. The port of Venice is rapidly silting up, and is useless as a naval base. Farther south, Bari and Ancona are open roadsteads. Brindisi, even, has not sufficient depth of water to float a squadron of modern battle-ships. Consequently Italy has had to make Taranto, across the heel of the peninsula, from Brindisi, her naval harbour.

Hitherto Italy has trusted to the fact that Austria-Hungary has no port further south than Cattaro, and that Cattaro is commanded by the Montenegrin guns on Mount Lovcen. The entrance to the Straits is open, and Taranto much nearer to them than Pola, the Austro-Hungarian naval port, so that, though her eastern shores lie open to the enemy's fleet, Italy can send her ships into the Adriatic Sea without having to fight her way past a powerful naval base belonging to the enemy.

The great World War is altering this kind of unstable equilibrium in the Adriatic. There is every chance that when the map of Europe is once again re-drawn, Bosnia and Herzegovina, with the Dalmatian littoral, will be in Slav hands, and that the weak and disjointed Hept-anarchy still known as the Austro-Hungarian empire will be replaced by a pushing and ambitious Southern Slav state with the greatly augmented force of Russia behind it. Should Europe be persuaded by the folly of the Greek and the greed of the Slav to acquiesce, through sheer weariness, in the eventual partition and destruction of Albania, the inevitable result will be that the eastern shores of the Adriatic will fall into Slav hands to the swamping of the fatuous Greeks and the reduction of Italy to a second or third-rate state.

This is obviously a condition of affairs that the Italians could not tolerate for a moment, for the mastery of the Adriatic is the keystone of Italian power, and the moment they lose control of the inland sea they must fall from their high estate. That is why, on Christmas Day, the Bersaglieri were landed at the Albanian port of Avlona, why later Durazzo was also occupied. There was no opposition from the Albanians, for for many years Italy has carried on a systematic propaganda in all the coast towns of Albania to prepare for the time when the disappearance of the Turks—a warrior race who

despised trade and commerce, and made no use of harbours—would make it necessary for her to take possession herself. Italian is spoken all along this coast, all the trade is in Italian hands, there are Italian schools, Italian settlers. In the north the Austrians had, it is true, much greater influence, but at Avlona Italy has it all her own way.

Hard pressed to the South and West by Serbia, and to the North and East by Russia, Austria is for the time being no longer a rival in the derelict kingdom of the departed Mpret. Indeed, there is every appearance that, so far from being able to lay a hand on Albania, she will be unable in the future to keep her hold on Bosnia and Herzegovina. For Italy the prospect means an almost greater danger, for the place in the Near East will probably be taken by the Slav, and if at the end of the war an exhausted Europe should repudiate its own handiwork, and refuse to acknowledge the Albanian kingdom, a state of affairs will have arisen which it has been the aim and object of Italy for many years to prevent.

So long as the Turks held the opposite shore, Italy was more or less content, but, when Turkey was driven out, it became absolutely necessary that the coast and harbours of Albania, especially Avlona, should be the property of a State whose navy was a negligible quantity. That is why the principality of Albania was created, for if a hostile power with a strong fleet, especially one possessed already of Pola, had occupied Avlona, Taranto would have been shut off from the Adriatic and Venice, and the whole length of the Italian coast would have been at the mercy of a sudden attack. Italy entered the Triple Alliance not only to protect herself on her northern frontiers, but also to safeguard her interests in Albania.

Now she sees the Triple Alliance crumbling about her ears and the map of Europe in process of reconstruction, and she is bound to protect herself, if not against Austria, at any rate against Austria's possible successor on the Dalmatian coast. Her statesmen and Admirals have long since laid it down that whenever Turkey lost Albania no other flag but that of an independent State could be raised in that country, and that as far as regards Avlona Italy could never allow another Great Power to take possession of that magnificent naval base. Italy's excuse is that for her the command of the Straits of Otranto is a matter of life and death, and that in the crash of worlds she must look to her own safety even if Albania and Europe regard her action with, at the best, but sullen acquiescence.



AUSTRIAN TRENCHES IN GALICIA.

WITH THE AUSTRIANS.

In making up the Review each month, I endeavour to include articles which tell of our foes rather than of our Allies. It is a common failing of Britons to underestimate their opponents. We did it in France at the outbreak of war, and apparently we have done it again in Turkey. Instead, therefore, of reviewing articles telling about our own forces, setting forth the reasons why we must win, explaining how we were dragged unwillingly into the war, I endeavour to pick out those which give us some idea of how the enemy are looking at things, what are the conditions in the hostile countries, and the operations of their troops. The result of this policy is that on the whole there is not much about the Allies in our pages, but that want is amply filled by the multitudes of articles to be found every day in the papers.

The following account of the fighting in the Carpathians is of especial interest because no correspondents have sent descriptions of it from the Austrian side. Even what has come from Russia

is not worth much as an indication of the actual state of affairs in Galicia. James F. J. Archibald, who contributes the article to *Scribner's*, although an American, knows Austria, and the Austrians well, and this intimacy enabled him to get right to the fighting front, in the Passes, when other correspondents had all been packed away to the Serbian frontier, where nothing was occurring at all. Mr. Archibald dispels many of the fond illusions we have had about the condition of affairs, in the Dual Monarchy. He confesses himself surprised at the misconception which seems to prevail regarding the determination on the part of the Austrian and Hungarian people. Whilst in Austria, he received the English and American papers regularly.

In nearly every paper I read despatches telling of the discontent among the people, of riots and famine, but I have yet to find a single one of these stories that proved to be true. It has been the habit in this war to fasten unfounded stories of cruelty and savagery upon the Germans, and stories of dissatisfaction and unrest upon the Austrians and Hungarians. It has been re-

ported time after time that Hungary was about to make a separate peace, and that there was much friction between the two peoples. I personally know many influential men of both Austria and Hungary, and I have friendships among them that inspire confidence, and I believe that I do not exaggerate in the least when I say that the dual monarchy is an absolute unit for the continuance of the war.

We have been so accustomed to read of the hopeless demoralisation of the Austrian forces that Mr. Archibald's description of the retreat through the Dukla Pass certainly comes as a surprise. If what he says is true, and at any rate he was on the spot, our faith in the reports which have been sent us hitherto about the Carpathian fighting is not likely to remain as robust as it was. Austrian soldiers, we were told, could make no stand against the Russians. They had no chance until the Germans arrived to stiffen them. This war correspondent at any rate saw with different eyes:—

The first action which I saw was the defence of Dukla Pass through the Carpathians, at the time when Russia drove the Austrian army back into Hungary as far as Bartfeld, which their cavalry occupied eight days before they were driven out again. This was a retreat which was heralded throughout the world as a complete rout of the Austrians, and I have since seen despatches telling of the wild disorder of the retreat how men had refused to fight and had thrown down their arms in terror: of the great friction between the Hungarians and the Austrians. As a matter of fact, I have never seen a more orderly and well-organised withdrawal of forces. There was not the slightest excitement, and the rear-guard actions kept the advancing enemy at a sufficient distance and sufficiently in check to allow the Austrians to withdraw every gun and waggon in perfect order. In fact, I have seen many advances which were far more disorganised than this retreat.

When he first rode into Dukla Pass in the Carpathians he felt that he had been terribly cheated.

I had in my mind a rugged, rocky, narrow pass through great gorges in the mountains, and pictured how easily it would be to defend such a pass; but, as a matter of fact, the passes through the Carpathians are wide, rolling table-lands. . . . There is a gradual rise into the mountain passes, but the passes themselves are broad, open rolling country, exceedingly difficult to defend. In most instances they are heavily wooded, which gives the advancing enemy much opportunity to take valuable cover. The Austrian forces were compelled to build earthworks and defences of a very permanent character to defend themselves against the greater odds.

Two things impressed Mr. Archibald greatly when he was at the front. One was the absolute cheerfulness of the Austrian soldier under all circumstances, and the other his respect for the enemy.

If men are growling and grumbling at everything that goes wrong, then everything does seem to go wrong; but the note of cheerfulness which I found throughout the entire Austrian army does much toward starting things on the right road to success.

To belittle and under-estimate the enemy is undoubtedly the greatest military sin, but every officer and man with whom I talked on the subject had nothing but praise for the Russian force in every particular. I was told that their artillery was excellent and that their infantry was as brave as any in the world—and that the dread Cossack was a good sportsman in the game. That is the proper spirit and one that will be of the greatest value to the commanding general.

There does not seem to be the slightest animosity or hatred between the Austrians and the Russians. They both go about the business of killing each other as a disagreeable, temporary incident that must be attended to for the good of their respective countries, but they go about it with no rancor whatever in their minds.

The campaign in the Carpathians, he says, is much more like the old-fashioned war than anything he saw in the German army. The roads are so bad, during the winter months, that the motor does not play the great part in this campaign that it does in Germany and France. The lovers of horses and the exponents of the cavalry arm of the service would have found this campaign much more to their liking than the "petrol" war being waged in France.

It still has an element of the sporting chance about it. In Germany it has long ceased to be a sporting proposition—it is simply a mechanical, card-index affair, where one becomes absolutely bored after the first few weeks by the monotonous perfection of the relentless arrangement. But in the Carpathians it still has an element of uncertainty. Galloping aides still carry messages, balloons are still used for artillery-fire control, and the cavalry is still a factor in the fight. The organisation is exceedingly good, and the condition and the spirit of the troops I found excellent, but the problem which Austria is facing is a gigantic one, for it is the problem of bad roads and open country. The only satisfaction the supporters of the Austrian cause can derive out of the very difficult situation which they now face is that it is even a little more difficult for the advancing enemy.

Mr. Archibald considers that it was the obvious plan of Russia and Serbia to crush Austria and Hungary at the

outset, and then deal with Germany later by an invasion through conquered Austrian territory.

The result of the first six months' campaign should speak for itself. During this time Austria has held out against the force which has outnumbered her three, five, and at times ten to one. Up to this time she has been waging a defensive campaign, although it must be remembered that that does not necessarily mean a stationary defence, for the first principle of defence is to attack and advance wherever it is possible.

Austria has been beset on every side by enemies actual and by enemies who are steadily preparing and each day threatening more openly. At the commencement of the campaign the Serbian armies were undoubtedly the most dangerous part of the entire line arrayed against Germany and Austria, for the Serbian army was made up of more than four hundred thousand veterans of three years' hard fighting. Their leaders had mastered the game and the men had learned all of the smaller detail of war which can only be learned by experience in the field. The Serbian armies commenced their operations at a state of efficiency which is just now being attained by most of the other countries after several months' continual fighting. I except the German armies because their organisation has proved to be such a marvellous thing even from the very beginning that it was in a class by itself.

Austria, he considers, was the least prepared of all, but her strength is growing each day, and early in the year she will have almost a million new men in the field.

He refers to the ghastly suffering of the inhabitants of Poland and Galicia, which he considers far worse than what the Belgians have to endure.

Tens of thousands of Jews are making their way into Austria and Hungary, and their sufferings, as they trudge along the troop-congested, muddy roads, is most heart-rending. Actually many die on the road, and many is the hasty grave dug beside the Carpathian roads, where the strain has been too great and the life was snuffed out. Somehow, these few deaths seem even more pitiful than the thousands who fall in battle.

The Austrians use thousands of native farm waggons for their transportation, each in charge of a peasant

driver, and naturally the congestion of transport and troops on the narrow roads makes the problem far more difficult in the Carpathians than at other portions of the German and Austrian line.

One day while at the front I was exceedingly puzzled when I saw a non-commissioned officer teaching a squad of men to figure in Chinese. On an improvised board he had written the various Chinese numeral characters, and their equivalent in Roman numbers. Before the board sat a class of a score of soldiers working on the Chinese characters. I was frankly amazed, but, upon inquiry to a staff-officer who accompanied me, found that it was not exactly an educational outburst in the army, but rather a school of necessity. I learned that at the outbreak of the war an Austrian firm had just finished a large order of field-artillery and its supply of ammunition for the Chinese Government. As it is the custom to carry a condition in all contracts of this character that if the Government in whose territory the arms are manufactured so directs, it may purchase them at any time before the shipment is made. The Chinese guns and ammunition were just ready for shipment when the war started, and therefore the entire lot was taken over by the Austrian Government. All of the range numbers on the sights, for distance and elevation, and all of the fuse marks on the shrapnel and shell were in Chinese characters, so it was necessary to give the Austrian artillerists a lesson in the Oriental language to enable them to use the batteries then turned over to the defence of Austria.

In view of the ghastly state of affairs in Serbia it is significant that Mr. Archibald noticed throughout the entire country that the most minute precaution is being taken against disease and contagion of various sorts. Disinfectant covers the railroad lines in all directions, as disease is one of the greatest problems with which the Russian and Austrian armies must contend. Treachery and spying have, he says, been very serious menaces to the Austrians.

It has been discovered that bands of smugglers who operate in time of peace in the Carpathians have secret trails across the mountains, and now in war they double their ill-gotten gains by guiding parties of the Russians across these secret trails to attack the Austrians in the rear.

WITH THE RUSSIANS.

Percival Gibbon achieved fame as a writer of powerful stories, and he shows his skill in the account he gives, in *Everybody's*, of the fighting in Poland. His is, indeed, a vivid horrible

picture of gruesome war. He cuts down through the veneer other correspondents contrive to rub over the scenes of fighting, and shows the real thing. He is letting the people see, in the journals

of the world, what war really is just as Verestchagin did on his marvellous canvases. Would that there were more of his kind at the front. He thus describes his visit to the little Polish village of Bartniki:—

At the corner of the churchyard wall, lying on his back, with his gray overcoat fallen open, was a man. His head lay over a little to one side, his hands were half-open at his side. He was in the uniform of a Russian infantryman, and his face, with its dirt and weather-scorch, its bush of beard, its simple peasant quality wherein simplicity and kindness and a kind of brutality were joined together, was just such a face as one sees by battalions and brigades when a shift of troops blocks the road with slow, gray-coated columns. The eyelids, not quite closed, left visible a paring of white eyeball; so that as he lay he seemed to be peering at us in a counterfeit of sleep. Nothing about him hinted of tragedy.

My companion was Prince Wyazmesky, a Russian officer. He halted to look at the body. "This is a new one," he said. "Yesterday they were firing at the village, but they couldn't quite find it. To-day they are shelling the length of the road with shrapnel. A good many have been killed."

"They," of course, were the Germans on the other side of the river, whose guns for days past had sounded in the air unceasingly. They were sounding now, dull, heavy detonations in the distance, answered from close at hand by a Russian battery roaring behind a screen of trees.

Looking in the deserted houses he saw men lying dead on the floor with eyes staring upward too steadily, too stagnant, too daunting for life. Eyes which had in them the appearance of dreadful, incurious scrutiny.

Upon the road there were few people. The morning's shelling had warned them off it; but toward the end of the village a few soldiers came out of a garden and walked along perhaps fifty yards in front of us. Then, of a sudden, the air creaked and rattled with the bursting of a beautifully timed shrapnel, exploding, as it should, not more than twenty feet above the road. The noise of a fagot of sticks broken across a giant's knee, the sudden appearance, like a mean miracle, of the little balloon of bomb-smoke overhead, and the group of soldiers ahead of us burst asunder with queer, tiny cries, mere startled squeaks.

Two fell; one, as we ran toward them, rose to his feet, cursing in a slow, monotonous voice like a man who has recently cursed a good deal; he had merely tripped over his own feet in trying to run. But the other did not rise.

The shrapnel had taken him along the side of the face, ploughing down through the cheek and descending into that nest of

arteries and vital parts which is situated in the base of the neck; but he was not dead. A санитар, with the Red Cross brassard on his left arm, came running from somewhere, and was already with him before we arrived. Do you know the colour of blood—that startling red that not only looks red but smells red and feels red when you touch it? He was on one elbow, his head drooping, and around him the mud of the road was reddening with the very essence of his life that spouted from him, that dyed his shoulder to the hue of horror—the awful, copious blood of a man.

Mr. Gibbons' picture of a night attack is, indeed, a vivid and ghastly one. He says that modern war, for all the elaboration of its mechanical side, still bases itself upon the prowess of the infantryman with the rifle and bayonet.

Across the river from us the Germans have completed their re-arrangement of the land for the purposes of battle, trenching mightily, planting it with barbed wire, cutting gun-pits, magazines, emplacements, and the rest. Their work is said to be wonderful, a monument to the science of military engineering; but it is with their infantry that they try in the nights to force their way across the river—citizens in spiked helmets, lawyers, merchants, clerks, workmen, struggling toward us through the shell-torn dark against the whistling gale of fire.

The artilleryman seldom sees his target; he fires to orders which come by telephone from some distant observation-post; the cavalryman may never draw his sword or lower his lance-point; but the infantryman is the flesh upon the bones of war.

Think of it! It is a late and mild winter for Russia, where normally at this season the ice stands three feet thick upon all rivers. This year, upon the Bsura, the water has frozen only along the banks; sunrise sees only a film of ice covering the middle of the river, and in the morning, for an hour or two, there is a reticent, grudging sort of cordiality of sunlight. But the nights have the Russian flavour; they are acid, edged like a knife, fanged like a wolf with cruel cold. The wounded who are not found till next day die of it.

Yet these are the nights in which the Germans come down from behind their foremost trenches, backed by a tempest of rifle-fire and shelling, a couple of battalions at a time, and surge across the narrow strand between their defences and the water, the lines of them swaying back and forth under the scourge of the Russian fire.

Down into water they go, the water that bites like vitriol, stamping through the ice under the bank, bearing ever forward against the farther bank that is lighted like a festive street with the blaze of the rifles and mitrailleuses. Armpit deep, with their rifles upheld above their heads clear of the water, the searchlights that mock the night slashing across the sky and settling upon them bewilderingly, pointing them out to the immediate finger of death, they come! I was in the positions when they attacked in force, four times between dark and sunrise. Four times down into that water in the face of the fire—four times blown off their feet by the rifles and the pretty little machine-guns that do their work so devilishly in such rough and unlikely hands, four times shattered and ground into a water-staining pulp of broken flesh—and next night they attacked again.

* * *

Eleven attacks—great lines that surged up into the eye of the search-lights, went roaring into the bitterness of the river, and came with gaped ranks, torn asunder but indomitable, flowing in lunatic gallantry up to the very lip of the trenches held by the Siberians, there to be blotted out, obliterated, slaughtered to the last man by the quiet, practised, death-dealers behind the earthen breastworks.

"They held their fire till the enemy was within forty feet," said an official account; but I have better information: they held it till the enemy was within twenty feet. They waited in the shelled trench, peering across the breastwork, while the charge raced down upon them.

Dying men, slaughtered by shrapnel, were writhing at the trench bottom among their feet or shrieking in the insupportable agony of wounds; pain, deadly wrath, and murder were alight in men's minds like opposite fires in the frosty night; all is frantic, a nightmare of noisy horror—and the Siberians holding their fire! Holding it, waiting in the stoic calm of their half-Mongol minds till each bullet would drive through a file of Germans, and then, at the tactical moment, letting go the hurricane of bullets that mows down the charging men like a scythe shear-ing through grass.

The Bsura is a little river, but still it is fifty yards wide. Upon that night it was dammed by German dead—a barrage of bodies that held up the water for a while and then gave and let it through and floated with it, going down with the current to the Vistula—German husbands and fathers travelling back to Germany upon that river which has borne in its time so many dead down to Dantzig.

Learning that a distant village has been bombarded, and that the wounded who lay in the station there had to be fetched by a Red Cross train, Mr. Gibbon managed to get a passage on it. Although it was a Red Cross train, it was pulled by an armoured engine which pushed ahead of it an armoured truck with a machine gun and its crew. If that were actually the case, one can understand how the positive German statements that the Red Cross has been used to shield offensive movements may have originated.

Finding that it would take a couple of hours to shift the wounded, Mr. Gibbon walked on down the railway line. He came upon a group of tired officers at a field telephone station, from this vantage spot he could overlook the field of battle.

Far away, jerking into view and dodging like sparks of marsh-fire, were little momentary glows of fire, the flash of our guns; it was all there was to see of the battle. But to the left, nearer, were fires that burned steadily, showing each red eye toward us.

"Those fires?" The weary officer glanced over to them. "That's where they are burning their dead."

It is by the light of those fires that we shall see our road to Berlin.

GRAND ADMIRAL VON TIRPITZ ON THE WAR.

Albert J. Beveridge, the well-known American Senator, has been visiting the battle fronts in Germany, and has also studied the actual condition of affairs in the Kaiser's domains. He is recording his impressions in *Collier's Weekly*. His third war article is an exceedingly notable one. In it he tells of a long interview with the Kaiser himself, and describes this "most discussed, worst abused, and most highly praised of living men throughout the world."

The Emperor evidently made a deep impression on the Senator, who considers him "the hardest-worked man in all Germany." "Even the unsympathetic must admit," he says, "that William II. is at his task all the time. He does not look more than his 57 years. His moustache is grey, the hair almost white, the gray-blue eye is clear, its expression intense and full of nervous force. The face is not at all haggard. . . . Physically, as well as mentally,

the Emperor shows extraordinary animation; there is a calmness and steadiness that surprises you, because of the descriptions to the contrary so universally published. . . . If this be his usual state, and in Germany I have not heard to the contrary, his adversaries could not deceive themselves, for they confront a strong man in the maturity of his strength. . . . One cannot imagine this descendant and successor of the Great Frederick as thinking basely of himself or tolerating a foul word. . . . One can conceive of his being impulsive, stern, dominant, aggressive, masterful, but never as being colourless, rapid, week-kneed, hypocritical. Disagree with him if you will, but remember that if you were to meet the Emperor casually, without knowing who he is, you would like him immensely, and this liking would be a sure step to respecting his character and admiring his ability." The Senator gives no inkling of what the two conversed about in the two hours' chat they had together.

Admiral von Tirpitz, however, although his talk with the Senator was not for publication, later permitted publicity; actually saw the proofs and O.K.'d them. What the gallant Admiral said will no doubt cause many Britishers to throw up their hands in holy horror that such a pharisaical hypocrite could have won his way to the head of the Kaiser's navy. At the same time what he said to Senator Beveridge is exactly what all Germans are saying if we may believe the neutral papers from Switzerland, Holland, Italy, America and Sweden. That being the case, no matter how we may scorn what he says, how contemptuously we may brush aside his arguments, we ought still to gravely consider his statements, for they do actually represent the opinion of our foe.

In his conversation the chief of the German navy is clear, simple, sometimes eloquent and all the time forcible. He speaks English perfectly, and his vocabulary is very large. He talked with unreserved frankness; and although an interview for publication was not intended as the purpose of the conversation, the Grand Admiral, at the end, heartily consented to be quoted.

The Admiral's remarks about America ought to please us at any rate, for he admits quite frankly that in his view the United States was against Germany and favoured the Allies. This will no doubt surprise many people here who seem to think that the Americans are too sympathetic towards our enemies.

"I am glad," said he, "that you have come to Germany to see conditions for yourself. We are all sorry and surprised that public sentiment in your country is so unfavourable to us. Germany and America were good friends, and the German people were very friendly to the American people, and we thought the feeling was reciprocated. Why has this changed?" he asked.

I explained, frankly, that it was felt in America that Germany was responsible for the war and really began it.

"But why?" broke in Admiral von Tirpitz. "What had we to gain by beginning war? Commerce? No. Wealth? No. Happiness? No. The idea is against common sense! Do Americans think that nearly seventy million people, who are noted for their thoughtfulness, suddenly lost their heads? Such an idea is not only foolish, but monstrous! We did not want war—did not expect it, could not believe it! Here is one little proof of this: our ships were abroad; many of our warships were in foreign ports; much of our vast merchant marine was far away in the harbours of every country—do you think that if we had planned the war, or even foreseen it, we should not have gotten all our ships home before war was declared? Would it not have been absurd to bring on a war without getting our ships home?"

"Then who began the war?" I asked.

"On the surface and as a matter of open action, Russia began it; but, at bottom, England is to blame. England was, and is, the moving spirit."

"But why should England want to make war on Germany?"

"You may see the reason in every trading port of the world, where Germans, by hard and careful work, are selling German goods where formerly English goods were sold. You may see it in the German factories, busy making things for the world. You may see it in our wonderful industrial development. This growth of our commerce has crowded England. The whole world knows that she has long been jealous of German success and fearful of her own commerce, which was losing ground because we Germans worked harder, longer, and had better system than our English competitors. But we must live, and we can do so only by industry, by making and selling things which the remainder of the world wants and needs. It was to break down German industry and commerce that England planned the conditions for the present war—everybody in Europe knows that! It is strange that Americans do not know it also!"

The Senator promptly countered with a question about the German fleet. To build so powerful a navy was taken in America as a clear sign that war was being prepared for. Further, said he: "What about that toast, 'To the day'?"

Admiral von Tirpitz leaned forward with eyes ablaze and said with all his force, though not loudly: "An infamous English lie—that is the explanation! It is an outright falsehood. I say, on my honour as a man and an officer, that I never heard such a toast proposed, never drank such a toast, and never heard of such a toast being proposed or drunk! It is past belief that sensible people should believe such stuff. I am sure no honourable English officer will say that he ever heard that this ridiculous toast, 'To the Day!' was ever proposed or drunk, or that he knows any honourable man who says that he heard it. Every honourable English officer will tell you that it is a wretched lie."

"Why," said von Tirpitz, "should Germany alone be singled out for suspicion and abuse because she was building a strong navy? Why not the United States or Japan?" He then proceeded—

Think of our geographical position; think of our commerce—nearly every pound of it must pass under English guns, without any protection except the menace of our navy. In our position, would not your country build a navy? Have you not built a big navy, although not exposed as Germany is?

"And," continued the statesman-sailor, "what about England's navy—a double-standard, navy, ready to choke us or any other country in England's way? They talk about German militarism, which does not exist—but what about England's militarism, which does exist? Think of it! England's naval principle is that the English navy must be as large as those of any two other powers combined; and this, too, although England is not so open to attack as most other countries. Yet England expects the world to agree to this, although it gives England command of the world. Suppose Germany insisted on the same principle on land. Suppose Germany maintained an army as large as the armies of any other two powers put together! Yet England does the very same thing on the sea. Again I ask you—what about England's militarism?"

"But England has a world-wide commerce to protect and world-wide possessions."

"So has Germany a world-wide commerce, which is growing faster than England's. And Germany, too, has colonies. Is England the only power entitled to commerce and a navy to protect it? Is England the only country which has the right to have colonies?"

The Senator mentioned Germany's violation of Belgian neutrality as an-

other source of unfavourable American public opinion.

"Where," answered the Grand Admiral, "is a neutrality which the supposed neutral country has itself destroyed? We believed Belgium had made an arrangement with France and England for mutual action against us in case of war. Perhaps we could not have proved it; now we can prove it and have proved it. And if Belgium was to permit France and England to attack us through Belgian territory, should we have taken such a chance? It would have been madness! It would have been criminal. Do not forget our history—trampled over, fought over, for hundreds of years. And now we are fighting for our lives!"

"Many in America think, your Excellency, that Germany is fighting to dominate the world."

"Another lie of England's!" shot back Grand Admiral von Tirpitz. "Dominate the world—how? By force? We are not fools! Do give us credit for that! Dominate the world! It is—what do you say? Oh, yes, idiotic. What are the facts? We were doing very well—you grant us that?"

And, leaning forward, this extraordinary man pointed his finger. I remained silent. And again Grand Admiral von Tirpitz asked:

"We were doing well, were we not—in industry and commerce? I ask you—what do you say?"

"Yes, very well indeed—wonderfully well," I replied.

"Well, then, we wished only to be let alone, so that we could go on doing well, and making well better if we could, by hard work and careful thought. We asked no advantage; we asked only the privilege to compete freely with other people, depending upon nothing save our industry and method for success. And you admit that we were succeeding not only in the ordering of our life here in Germany, but in world trade. We were succeeding in giving employment to our immense population, food for their mouths, clothing for their backs, shelter over their heads. The German people themselves did that; they had made themselves happy and prosperous by the old-fashioned methods of hard work, clean living, and clear thinking. They were taking England's markets because Englishmen insisted on their vacations and week-ends and luxuries and sports. England could save these markets in one of two ways: by working and living as we live and work, or by crushing us. She chose to crush us. So it is life that we fight for—sheer physical existence; and we will fight to the end—and we shall win. It is either victory or death with us; and it will be victory. Let nobody make any mistake about that!"

This interview took place last January before the "paper blockade" of England had been declared, but there were

rumours of it in the air, and Senator Beveridge asked whether he proposed putting a submarine blockade in force.

"Well, why not? Why not, I say? England is trying to starve us. She could not do that if we did not get a pound of provisions from other countries! But she is trying to do so. Are we not to retaliate? Why is it that whatever England does seems all right to Americans, while they object to anything Germany does of the same kind?"

"But," said Mr. Beveridge, "a submarine blockade is not the same as an ordinary blockade, where merchant ships can be warned before sinking. But a submarine blockade gives the blockade runner no chance."

"But what chance does a mine give the merchant ship? It gives less chance even than a submarine. If we decide upon a submarine blockade of England, we shall notify the world. Yet England has sowed the North Sea and the Channel with mines, so as to shut us from the ocean and keep supplies away from us. These hundreds of mines give no warning."

"But so has Germany sowed mines in the North Sea, has she not? Our understanding in America is that England and Germany are even on that score."

"Another gigantic English lie!" almost shouted Germany's first sailor. "We have not planted a single mine in the North Sea, except on the English coast and in English waters. What happened when nearly a hundred mines were washed ashore on the coast of Holland? Nearly all of them were English; not one was German! And yet they tell you that we sowed mines in the North Sea! Why should we? Would we want to blow up merchant ships carrying provisions for us? Would we want to help England in her attempt to strangle us? Again I say I am moved to admiration at England's colossal ability to invent falsehoods and then to get the world to listen to and believe them. It is astonishing that you Americans, the shrewdest people in the world, should credit England's statement that we Germans do everything that is foolish and wicked, and

nothing that is sensible and good! The German citizens of your own country—are they not sensible people? Are they not good people? Yet we are the same people!"

"Our people of German descent are among the very best citizens we have. We have no better. We wish we had more of them," admitted the Senator.

"Oh, is that why you are not neutral?" snapped back this keen-minded chief of the Germany navy. "You want more of our people for citizens? You know that if we are beaten you will get hundreds of thousands of them, whom our industry and commerce now keep prosperously and happily here in Germany."

The Senator explained that the United States was neutral. "We wish to be impartial and just; even in thought, as our President has said."

"Neutral!" exclaimed this builder of Germany's sea power. "When you are sending provisions to England, France, Russia—and none to us! Neutral! When you are supplying our enemies with rifles, guns, ammunition—and selling none to us! Tell me"—and this mighty figure of a man rose to his feet, towering like an ancient viking, whom indeed he resembles—"do you call that neutrality?"

The interviewer suggested that Germany was in need of provisions, of munitions of war.

"No; we have more than enough. We can neither be starved nor beaten. But the big point is that, by selling war materials and provisions to the Allies, the United States is prolonging the war. If America would not send any more powder, guns and food to our enemies, this war would very soon be over. Does America wish to take the responsibility for this? I wonder if the good people of the United States who talk about peace realise that by furnishing our enemies with the necessities of war, America is actually keeping up the war. She could end it very quickly if she would."

THE FORTRESS IN MODERN WARFARE.

European scientific journals have been variously affected by the war. German publications, as a rule, have preserved very nearly their normal scope and appearance. Many of them, in fact, give no token of the exceptional state of public affairs now prevailing, apart from the sinister record, month by month, of the death on the western or eastern battlefields of brilliant young professors and privat-docents, many of

whom are mourned throughout the world. The English journals have also generally pursued the even tenor of their way, though their contents are somewhat more strongly tinged by contemporary events.

On the other hand, many of the French scientific periodicals have been transformed by the war. This is most conspicuously true of the leading French journal of popular science, *La*

Nature. This well-known weekly was suspended at the outbreak of hostilities, on account of the fact that most of its literary and mechanical staff had been called to the colours. Since it resumed publication, toward the end of last year, it has been almost entirely concerned with those branches of science and art bearing directly upon warfare in general and the present conflict in particular, together with various subsidiary topics.

A recent number of this journal undertakes to explain the surprising facility with which the German siege artillery demolished the "impregnable" fortresses of France and Belgium, and to forecast the manner in which, in the light of such occurrences, the defence of towns will be conducted in the future. We read:—

In explaining these disasters it has been customary to invoke the exceptional power of certain ultra-secret engines, such as the Krupp mortar of 420 millimeters or the Austrian of 305 millimeters. As a matter of fact, they should be attributed to much simpler causes. Until within a few years a siege gun could be brought into action only after a very solid wooden platform had been erected to support it during its discharge, and the laborious construction of this platform could not escape the notice of the besieged. Thus the artillery of the fortress had ample time to open fire and prevent its installation. Indeed, the defenders might cherish the hope of prolonging for a considerable time, with the aid of searchlights, captive balloons, and other modes of observation, the period of investment during which they would have an incontestable superiority in artillery. The advent of shells containing very powerful charges of explosives was not, in itself, calculated to disturb seriously the equanimity of the besieged, as these shells could not be thrown in large numbers until many batteries had been installed and provisioned, and the artillery of the fortress could see to it that this eventuality was more or less indefinitely postponed.

The appearance of rapid-fire heavy artillery was destined to alter the situation completely. With the facilities for transportation offered by motor tractors and the facilities for rapid firing offered by the modern gun-carriage, a siege battery can to-day approach a fortress under suitable cover, be installed in a favourable location in less than ten minutes, and open fire almost immediately. Before the besieged can get the range it will have landed its projectiles in some part of the fortifications, destroyed the metal and concrete roofs, and rendered the place uninhabitable through the effect of the deleterious gases produced by the explosion of

melinite bombs in the narrow courts on which the casemates open.

Whether these projectiles weigh 80, 240, 680, or nearly 2000 lbs. is immaterial. Provided they split open the casemates, overturn the parapets, demolish the turrets, and asphyxiate the garrison, all resistance will become impossible, and the infantry of the besiegers will be able to approach the glacis with impunity and capture the fort, after penetrating the densest wire entanglements almost without striking a blow. Only the effective fire of neighbouring forts would be able to arrest their victorious assault, and what help is to be expected of these works if they are themselves subjected to an energetic bombardment?

Two ways out of the difficulty commend themselves to the attention of the military engineer. First, between the forts in the circle of defence about a town we must have lines of trenches in which to dispose infantry whose business it will be to oppose an assaulting column. Second, the batteries of the defence should be as mobile as those of the attack, and thus ready to change their location as soon as they begin to suffer from the enemy's fire.

The only advantage henceforth left to the defence is the possibility of organising well in advance lines of trenches for its infantry and numerous carefully hidden shelters for its guns. Roads, well screened from the observation of the attack, will, moreover, permit the rapid transportation of these guns from one shelter to another, while the enemy is wasting his efforts in delivering a crushing fire on points which are unoccupied.

Thus we see that the open order of fighting is as essential in the defence of a fortress as in operations in the field. The only difference that will subsist between a siege and a battle of the nature of those fought during the past few months is that the scene of conflict in the former case will be one already determined in time of peace by the necessity of ensuring the possession of some centre of railways or other lines of communication, and that it will be possible to organise the defence at leisure: with trenches, numerous concrete shelters for the infantry reserves, artillery parapets well screened and judiciously distributed, hidden communicating roads, etc.

Moreover, this battlefield must be so planned that the defending troops cannot under any circumstances be caught between two fires. It must, therefore, have a breadth in all directions of at least six miles. If the centre of the position is to remain immune from the effects of bombardment, the first line of defence will need to be placed and maintained at a distance of six miles therefrom. Hence, according to circumstances, it will be necessary to assume a circumference of 18 or 36 miles. Such extensive fronts can be defended only by veritable armies, and not by ordinary garrisons.



TYPHUS IN SERBIA.

Brillock waggons, loaded with coffins, going the round of the hospitals and stricken houses for typhus victims. Deaths average almost 200 per day.

SERBIA'S RESOURCES AND NEEDS.

Mme. Slavko Grouitch, wife of the Secretary General of Foreign Affairs of Serbia, who was formerly Miss Mabel Dunlop, of West Virginia, writes eloquently of the needs of her adopted country in the *American Review of Reviews*:—

Serbia is essentially an agricultural country, nine-tenths of the population being employed on the land. It was estimated recently that 308,000 families derive a living from agriculture, and of these 273,000 have their own land. The soil of Serbia has no superior in fertility in all Europe. Two yearly crops of hay, wheat, and barley are grown; oats, hemp, and tobacco thrive, and several sorts of maize and the sugar beet. Grapes, sweetish but of excellent quality, for the making of wine, give a good yield in some parts of the country, likewise the prune plum.

The Serb peasant provides for all his wants from his land, with the exception of a few articles like sugar and salt. Even the clothes he wears and the table linen for the family use are woven upon hand-loom in his house. The raising of cattle and hogs naturally is a staple industry. Farm animals before the war were plentiful; even the humblest landholder had pigs and poultry to run about under the plum trees that surround his peaked-roofed cottage. It will be seen from even a slight knowledge of the source of Serbia's food supply that the wholesale destruction of agriculture by the Austrian invasions and the necessities of war, if not speedily remedied by the prompt giving of seeds and farming implements, will bring about a general famine in the devastated districts and great loss of life.

As a result of the second Austrian invasion of Serbia, her richest agricultural

district lies a barren waste. Houses, barns and granaries have been burned, livestock killed, or consumed, or driven away. During the first invasion, in the month of August, such frightful atrocities were perpetrated in all the villages of the invaded region, even those which were not in the battle line, that the terror-stricken inhabitants fled at the first rumour of a second war. Unable to carry anything with them, they all suffered horribly from the cold and distress. Hundreds of children died from the cold and exposure.

An eye-witness describes the scene :—

Women, children, old men, cripples, hardly clothed, arrived at every railroad station where the trains, composed of open goods cars, took them to the region behind the lines of the Serbian army. I have never seen such a huddled miserable mass of humanity, many of them with packs on their backs, women with children carried any way, the older ones helping the younger, all having marched for several days in terror and without food. Many women were insane. I shall never forget the despair of one, a mother of six children, who, having lost them, was going about crying and calling their names.

The Serbian Government not only transported these fugitives to places of safety, but erected sheds and tents for shelter, and a ration of bread and soup was given out to them each day, as to the soldiers. The Serbian Red Cross has distributed clothing, blankets, and such other comforts as have been sent out by the British and American Red Cross and relief societies. Now that the country is freed from the enemy comes the necessity for sending these people back to their homes. To do this requires a whole organisation, which the Serbian Government, overwhelmed as it is by the difficulty of providing for its large army, which must be kept always on the defensive lest a new invasion take place, cannot provide. For that purpose committees have been organised in England and in America to obtain food, farming implements, grain, and seeds for planting, and, in fact, everything that can serve for the rehabilitation of this fugitive people.

The Serbian peasants own their homes, and each one knows exactly where he belongs, and whole caravans are even now marching across the country in an attempt to return to their homes, but there is still danger of their dying of starvation, as only those who are near the large military camps can be fed by the authorities. So that once material for relief has been collected, it will be necessary to have volunteers, especially those having some knowledge of agriculture,

to go out and personally superintend the distribution of this material. It is hoped that young men and women from the agricultural colleges in America will feel that this is an excellent opportunity to apply the knowledge that they have gained in a perfectly virgin country, where scientific philanthropy can be demonstrated perhaps more perfectly than there was ever before an opportunity of doing in an agricultural way.

One would be glad to see agricultural relief units organised in exactly the same way that the Red Cross units have been organised, each unit prepared to look after a certain number of families in a given district, to aid the peasant-women farmers in the first work of ploughing and replanting, as well as in seeing that no one suffers for lack of necessary food.

Women have always done a large part of the farm work in the Balkans, and have, during all three wars, taken a great pride in keeping the home and the farm going as perfectly as when the fathers, husbands, and brothers were present. During this last autumn, when the harvest was being got in, the writer frequently saw the peasant women cutting and stacking the corn late in the evening, and even by moonlight. Many of the peasant soldiers in the hospitals regret the war for but one thing—that it left this heavy burden of work upon the womenkind at a moment when they felt their place was at home.

The women do, in addition to the field work, all the arts and crafts of primitive peoples. The hand-loom stands in every cottage, and weaving, hand embroidery, and lace-making are their recreations.

From official sources there are in Serbia, besides thousands of fugitives, some thousands of refugees from Bosnia and Herzegovina and other Slav provinces of Austria, especially many of the prisoners' families. Thousands of the families of Austrian prisoners in Serbia have fled from Austria into Serbia. The numbers of these refugees are stated as follows :—

Belgrade (approximately)	85,000
County of Belgrade	80,000
County of Podrinje	240,000
County of Valjevo	107,000
County of Ugice	75,000
County of Rudnik	84,000

About 300,000 fugitives have returned to their homes, where they are in very great need owing to the destruction that has taken place, and the authorities have been obliged to forbid any more returning to their homes, owing to the impossibility of feeding and caring for them. This destitution increases every day, owing to the fact that in many parts of Serbia, not having such restriction, many have come to stay, so that whole districts are beginning to feel distress.

In a work on Serbia, written in 1910, by Herbert Vivian, there occurs this pleasant description of the home of a Serb peasant farmer :—

His cottage is generally surmounted by a lofty wooden roof as high again as the building itself and tapering to so acute an

angle that the rain has no chance of onset. There are generally two rooms—a kitchen and a sleeping room where the whole family is herded together. The furniture consists mainly of a big oven, more than one-half filling the kitchen, an array of earthenware

jars and cooking utensils ranged along the walls, a wooden table and some stools, all more or less rickety, and the beds, high, narrow, wooden construction covered up to look like cargoes of cushions in the day time.

WHO WILL PROFIT BY THE WAR?

It is to stamp out the curse of war that "our men kill and are being killed, for the ultimate object of the conflict now raging is the destruction of militarism." So writes the Viscount Georges d'Avenel, in *The Revue des Deux Mondes*. Going on to develop his subject, he says:—

It is considered by many wise men a dream never to be realised, but even to the end of the world it will hold true, that anyone who sees great things coming twenty-four hours before the rest of mankind will be put down as a visionary if not a positive fool.

He points out further that no one can calculate or predict what the results of the present conflict may be. For no one can discount the forces that sway peoples.

If material interests alone were to be considered, one might arrive at plausible conclusions, but where the passions enter into play, predictions are well nigh impossible, for peoples are influenced by their passions far more than they are guided by material considerations.

The more complex the conditions of modern life the greater the shock consequent upon the abrupt interruption of its accustomed course. In the days of the epic wars the spinning-wheel and the loom continued to work in the villages, for the wool and the flax grew at the very doors of the spinners, and the products were easily disposed of in the markets of the neighbouring cities. But in our day a few hours are enough to dislocate the whole order of things, machines stop, manufacturing is suspended, and transportation and shipping are very materially affected, while the working masses find themselves suddenly plunged into a state of distress which was unknown in the less "advanced" age of their ancestors. The modern world is like a house lighted by electricity. One defective wire is sufficient to cause total darkness. The more complex civilisation becomes, the more it is at the mercy of mere accidents. In proportion as the bonds between nations become stronger, so do the shocks that affect them become more quickly and deeply felt.

This solidarity, he maintains, between peoples is "growing in spite of us. It is not due to the conscious act of any

man, nor can the will of any man check its growth."

The belligerents in this war, he goes on to say, are suffering from the ills that they inflict, although perhaps in a less degree than do their enemies. But they are suffering, nevertheless. The neutrals suffer also far more than they profit by the temporary closing of competitive markets. Those who cannot buy are losers as well as those who cannot sell. While France stood in dire need of petroleum, the oil was overflowing in the reservoirs of the United States, and the producers of cotton in the new world stood helpless before an unprecedented harvest, while the textile mills of the old were closed for want of raw material. The currency panic caused by the war extended over the globe and closed the stock exchanges for months together. This condition of paralysis in national life affects agriculture far less than it does industry. Consequently each country suffers in just the proportion that its population is industrial or agricultural. Germany is clearly in the first class, for she has thrown the bulk of her wealth into industrial development.

In direct answer to the question of "Who will gain by this war" the Viscount d'Avenel says:—

Whatever the total sum of the indemnity, the price of the war even for the victorious Allies will represent an enormous loss if it is not followed by a general disarmament. Victory in itself will not be a gain if Europe, whatever the changes in the map of the continent, continues to be an armed camp, because the victory of the Allies had not been sufficiently decisive. There would result no material or radical economic changes, and the burden of militarism would continue to weigh as heavily upon the whole world.

During the last years of the "armed peace" the great powers spent the enormous sum of 10,000,000,000 of francs for military purposes. Think how different things would be if this vast sum of money, instead of serving in a work of destruction, were applied to the development of the natural re-

sources of the globe. Consider the value of the millions of men who compose the armies, who might henceforth be employed in increasing the productiveness of the soil. Europe would not be long in repairing the damages of the war, and in healing her wounds, and the whole world would benefit by her prosperity could disarmament be brought about.

It is therefore the whole world that is to gain by this war if the Allies are victorious, he insists.

"But, if disarmament is the only solution worth while," concludes the Viscount d'Avenel, "it is also the most

difficult to bring about. Germany would resign herself to this only *in extremis*. Germany will fight with all the strength of desperation before she gives up her militarism, which alone would make the dream of future successes possible. And just because of this fact, disarmament will be the hardest and costliest solution to obtain. But whatever the price paid for it—for any victory without it would be no victory at all—the generation to come will never think the price too great."

A GERMAN'S VIEW OF ROUMANIA.

What disastrous consequences Roumania would suffer should she decide to join the side of the Allies, how Russia would, in his opinion, use her to further her own aggrandisement, and other pertinent points are interestingly discussed by Baron von Jettel in a recent issue of *The Deutsche Revue* (Berlin).

The convulsion that is shaking Europe to its foundations—the writer begins—spreads its waves far beyond its own hearthstone, causing even those countries to waver whose firm stand had been unquestioned. Roumania must, it seems, be reckoned among such unstable powers.

The present war makes high demands upon the wisdom of the statesmen who guide the fortunes of the countries not directly concerned in it. It is for them to decide whether they should join one of the belligerent parties or maintain a more or less friendly neutrality.

Since the Balkan War, in which Roumania intervened only at the moment of greatest confusion, so as to restore order and at the same time extend her dominions, she has played a leading rôle in all the Balkan problems. She had to decide whose influence, that of Austria or Russia, should predominate on the lower Danube, in the non-Slavic regions which form a natural barrier on the road to Constantinople. The writer shows how for centuries Roumania (formerly Moldavia and Wallachia) had been an object of political barter.

A new era began when Charles, a Hohenzollern, ascended the throne, three

years after Roumania had been declared independent by the Congress of Berlin. For many years, while Macedonia was rent by factions, Roumania, under the lead of its wise ruler, was an element of order, which, supported by Germany and Austria, seemed destined to form a stout dam against the mighty onrush of the Pan-Slavist, or rather Pan-Russian, wave towards Constantinople and the straits.

After the Balkan War and the ensuing peace negotiations, a marked change was noticeable in Roumania's attitude to the European powers. Its starting point was the alleged undue favour shown to Bulgaria. Although the Roumanian official documents conclusively disproved this, the opposing side exploited the situation to the utmost, and sought to undermine the ground under Austria's and Germany's feet in Bucharest.

France was especially zealous in that effort. For a long time the leading aristocratic families, who send their sons to Paris to study, have felt a warm sympathy for that country. French has been the language used in conversation by the ruling classes; four of the most widely read papers are published in that language. Wealthy Roumanians get their literature from Paris, the women their hats and gowns. In March, 1914, two prominent French journalists delivered well-attended lectures in Bucharest, when the term "Latin sister-nation" was strongly emphasised. Ten days later the Culture-League held a meet at which the deplorable state of

the Roumanians in Bukowina and Transylvania was pictured in appealing language, and the Roumanian youth urged to march to their rescue.

That the movement was promoted and exploited by France and Russia is not to be wondered at. A noted Russian publicist, Durnowo, writing to the Bucharest *Universul* in March, 1914, declared that the vital interest of Roumania demanded the union of all the Roumanians under one sceptre; in a future war Russia would march alongside of Serbia and Roumania. Count Ignatieff, in his recently published memoirs, writes that "the Austrian and Turkish Slavs must be our allies and the tools of our policy against Germanism; for the attainment of that object alone can Russia make sacrifices for them and endeavour to liberate and strengthen them."

In Bucharest Russian practises are, of course, well known, and extension of Russia's influence is jealously watched. Russia's recent marks of favour, the projected marriage of the Roumanian Crown Prince with a daughter of the Czar, the Czar's visit to Roumania, and so on, all demonstrate the value attached in Petrograd to winning over Roumania.

Warning voices have naturally been raised. The late great Roumanian statesman, Demeter Sturdza, in a pamphlet published last spring, observed: "We are threatened with a Russian invasion. Powerful efforts are being made to entice and deceive us. Gold is distributed to bribe the weak. Let us not be deceived by hypocritical promises, which will not be verified; feel as Roumanians should, not according to the wishes of aliens, or else we shall disappear from the map of the world." And hear the President of the Roumanian Senate: "The Roumanian Government does not allow itself to be led by a press influenced by Russian gold. The entire rise of Roumania's commerce and industry is due solely to German and Austrian capital; from Russia Roumania has not received a farthing, nor can she expect anything from her." Nay, even Take Jonescu, the present leader of the Democrats and advocate of nationalism, writing to *The*

Romanul, who declares that there is a natural antagonism between Russia and Roumania; that Russia is a country bent upon conquest, that Fate had interposed Roumania in its way, and that it could attain the object of its wishes only by marching over her dead body—every consideration commanded her to fight advancing Russia.

Matters stood thus at the beginning of the war, at the outset between Austria and Serbia. Russia proceeded at once to continue her efforts to get Roumania and Bulgaria on her side.

What Russia is aiming at is revealed in an article by Professor Jastrebow in *The Birchevija Wjedomosti*: "the conquest of the Dardanelles, with Bulgaria and Roumania for a hinterland," and Giers, the Russian Ambassador at Constantinople, is cited as the authority for that assertion.

For that matter, nothing can be clearer and more comprehensible than the traditional policy of Russia: Since she has in repeated wars been unable completely to demolish Turkey, the young Balkan States putting new obstructions, on the contrary, in the way of her plans, she contemplates shoving them aside by promises of outlying regions, so as to leave her path free. Thus Transylvania is held out as a bait to Roumania, Macedonia to Bulgaria, and Bosnia to Serbia. But even should the deluded ones succeed in attaining the Promised Land, they would have to pay dearly for that success. Politically, as well as economically, Russia would in future be their master and arbiter. Whatever they do now in the direction of weakening their friends will make them all the less able to escape this thralldom.

Russia, however, leads them, as the devil led the Master, to a high mountain and shows them all the realms of the world and says to them: "This power I shall give you and all this glory, for it is committed to me, and I give it at my will. If you will worship me it shall be yours." Will they say: "Get thee behind me, Satan"?

The above is Baron von Jettel's exceedingly one-sided and prejudiced view of the situation.



BONTOC IGOROTES. NOTE THEIR HEAD-AXES.

THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS TO-DAY—III.

BY R. G. NIALL.

Although Cervantes is about 1800 feet above sea-level the climate is very hot, so, early next morning, with another change of carriers, I made for the mountains again, following the fugitive footsteps of Aguinaldo, who fled through Cervantes and Bontoc in December, 1899, pursued by Major Marsh. The road mounts rapidly, and soon we had temperate weather 6000 ft. up.

Banco is a fair sized Igorote town. Here it is necessary to change carriers again, for the road leads into the territory of the Bontoc Igorote, a warlike people, who have always been great head hunters.

The Spaniards were in the Bontoc Province about 50 years before the Americans came. They had a garrison stationed at the town of Bontoc, but its relations with the natives were sanguinary. When the Filipino insurrection took place, the Igorotes gave their friendship to the insurgents, and with their help compelled the Spanish force to evacuate the district. The town of Sagada, whose people had suffered

badly at the hands of the soldiers, offered the insurgents £100 to secure the head of one Spanish officer.

At the time the insurgents were fighting the Americans, they persuaded about 400 of their Bontoc friends to go down and take part in a battle at Caloocan, near Manila, promising them plenty of heads. Although they were armed only with their spears and wooden shields, the Filipinos placed them in the firing line. When the American warships commenced throwing shells and the artillery and quick-firers opened, the Igorotes were astounded. Unabashed, they still tell you that they dropped their weapons and scarcely stopped running until they again reached their mountain home! Since that day their relations with the Filipinos have been strained!

Acres and acres of flats on the water courses are green with waving rice, and the mountain sides are in places terraced to a considerable height for rice cultivation. It is a common thing to see a man driving a little mob of Carabao round and round in the bog of a rice field, this

being an easy method of working up the ground into a suitable condition.

The natives employ many ingenious contrivances to frighten the small birds away from the ripening crops. For instance, a number of imitation hawks are suspended by thin strings from a strand of bamboo. This strand is connected with a lump of wood, on which the water falls in a stream several hundred yards away. The movements of the log transmitted along the bamboo strands keep the dummy birds in constant motion.

There are many natives about tending their crops or engaged in other peaceful

Here is evidence of the fine work which the Americans are doing to help these people. The natives in their turn are showing much willingness to profit and aptness to learn. Pure water has been brought in pipes to the native town; there are schools for the children, where girls are taught how to improve their work with the loom, and boys learn a trade. Both boys and girls are taught English. A hospital has been erected, and the constabulary have quarters in the town. Comfortable brick and stone buildings house the white pioneer officials.

There are no roads to this place, and



IFUGAO CONSTABULARY SOLDIERS.

avocations. Occasionally, however, you may meet a procession of men with long hair, armed with spears, shields and head-axes coming in single file down a mountain trail. The Americans have been gradually breaking them of their head-hunting habits, but no man ever goes out without his weapons, for the tribes do not yet trust one another.

The town of Bontoc, which is about 2800 feet above sea level, is situated in the centre of this Igorote people. There are two native towns—Bontoc, on one side of the Chico River, and Samoki on the other. Bontoc has a population of about 2500, and Samoki about 1500.

until the Americans cut the pony trail it was, except for a wretched Spanish track, practically inaccessible. Bontoc and Samoki had the worst reputation of all the towns of the Bontoc Province, and nine out of ten of their men bear the tattoo marks which proclaim them to be successful takers of heads.

The mountain tribes look upon head-hunting as a great and exciting sport, in the following of which they "live dangerously."

The Kalinga, the Ifugao, the Tingian and the Hlongot are head-hunters also.

Not only did one tribe war with another, but the tribes themselves were



A BONTOC IGOROTE VILLAGE, AND RICE TERRACES ON THE MOUNTAIN SIDE.

divided into clans, between whom there were constant feuds. The Bontoc Igorotes claim that they never took the heads of young children, but amongst some of the mountain tribes neither age nor sex was any protection to the individual, a head was a head, and a great trophy that warranted many days of prolonged canyaoing.

Connecting two hostile clans is a war-trail generally running along the top of a ridge so that the warriors can see down both sides. Upon the trail at certain places is erected a rough sort of fence. The posts are tree fern trunks turned upside down. The upper end, the root, is carved into the semblance of a human face to represent a spirit, an



BONTOC IGOROTE PRIESTS.



BONTOC IGOROTES OF SAGADA. BUNCHES OF GRASS TIED TO STICKS ROUND THE CEREMONIAL GROUND.

"anitu." The warriors on the warpath will rest a night here conducting ceremonies, at which pigs and fowls are sacrificed and eaten. During the performance a lookout is kept for signs of good omen. If these are not forthcoming the warriors will return again and again, sometimes for a week or ten days, in their determination to find a propitious occasion for securing heads.

When a town is threatened, women and children flee to the mountains, taking with them their household effects and live stock. Hostile forces in sight of one another banter and challenge in rhythmic calls or choruses.

Spears are thrown with deadly accuracy up to a distance of about 30 feet. The combatants, with shields well covering the body, perform a succession of quick springs, make vehement rushes, side leaps, and rapid changes of posture. This constant motion of their lissome bodies is a special characteristic of the fight.

Pigafetta tells us that in the fight with the natives near Cebu, in the southern islands, when Magellan was killed in 1521, the whites were unable to hit the natives with their muskets and crossbows, because "they would never stand still, but leaped hither and thither, covering themselves with their

shields." From this we must draw the conclusion that the fighting methods of the mountain tribes to-day are typical of the methods that prevailed throughout the group four hundred years ago.

When two fighters come to close quarters, the picture is still more striking. With their head-axes describing gleaming parabolas in the air, they sway this way and that, rotating about a common centre until one receives a blow that will perhaps momentarily disable him, and his foe is on him.

The slightest unwariness in a fight, and a man is not only instantly badly injured, but the enemy leaps upon him, and, placing the fork of his shield on his victim's neck, quickly strikes off the head before any of his friends have time to rally to his assistance.

If two men disable another between them, he who has not previously taken a head is allowed to do the beheading, but the gory trophy belongs to the man who first struck with his spear.

Generally the battle ceases by mutual consent, when one head has fallen, but at times it will continue until perhaps half a dozen heads have been severed.

When success rewards the war party, the head is carried home to the ceremonial ground, and fixed to one of the

posts. A pig or a dog is then sacrificed and eaten by the old men. The young men for the rest of the day and all the following night dance to the rhythmic beating of their gangsa (bronze gongs), keeping perfect time.

The jawbone of the victim is removed from the head, and utilised by the victor as a handle for his gong.

On the second day the dancing starts again at dawn. The men wear strings of highly prized agate beads, armlets made from boar tusks, with tassels of human hair attached, and long, gaily coloured sashes (or breech-cloths), the ends of which sway to and fro with their movements. They also wear their head-axes, which are sometimes much stained with blood.

Throughout the town groups of eight or ten men dance in a circle to the beating of their gangsa. They proceed with a characteristic rhythmic swing in the opposite direction to the hands of a clock. At regular intervals the swing is interrupted to perform various kinds of prancing steps, outward, inward, and forward, or to form a spiral and unwind to a circle again, but every movement is in perfect time with the music of the gangsa. The regular beating of the gongs can be heard far over the mountains.

For a month the canyao proceeds day and night with hardly an intermission. No work is done. All are having a joyful festival. Dogs, pigs, carabao and fowls are sacrificed and eaten, and the men consume quantities of basi.

Physically the Bontoc Igorotes are splendid specimens of humanity. They have the reputation of being truthful, honest, industrious and fair fighters. Some of the stories you hear concerning them are similar to those told about the Maori in his wild days. For instance, when premeditating an attack in force on the enemy, they sent him due notice of their intention. Trained, they make first rate constabulary soldiers; they shoot well, and are fearless. Wisely the Americans have made no attempt to put them into trousers. Above bright sashes they have a military coat. With rifles and bandoliers and small basket work caps (or felt hats) set jauntily on the side of their heads, their equipment is complete. Above all things do they love a fight!

While I was in the Kalinga country a punitive column, consisting mostly of Bontoc Igorotes, under an American officer, was co-operating with other columns of Ifugao constabulary in punishing a people called Apayaos. They had been persistently troublesome



BONTOC CONSTABULARY HEAD-DANCING BEFORE THE KALINGA HOUSES AT LUBUAGAN.



AN IPUGAO HEAD-DANCE.

in defiance of warnings conveyed to them, and a number of peaceful people had been killed at different times. On this occasion, besides houses and grain stores being burnt, the rifle was brought into action.

The day following the return of the expedition to Lubnagan was spent by

the soldier boys in a head-dance. From daylight until dark they kept it up. Drinking basi in quantities that made them joyous, but not drunk, the ends of their sashes swing to and fro, in time to the rhythmical music of their gangsa, and at regular intervals they broke off to do some characteristic steps. Pro-



BONTOC CONSTABULARY SOLDIERS HEAD-DANCING ON THEIR RETURN FROM PUNISHING THE APAYAOS.

Note the human jawbone handles to their gongs.



BONTOC AND SAMOKI BOYS PLAYING KAG-KAG-TIN

ceeding from house to house, they honoured each one in its turn. The amount of energy expended during the day was extraordinary, and yet next morning they seemed as fit as ever for the mountain trails.

In their native state the men wear their hair long. Their dress consists of a sash round the waist, made from bark fibre or woven from variously coloured thread, with sometimes a large pearl oyster shell attached to the side by way of ornament. Big roughly fashioned chains, made from brass rods, are often worn round their waists, and are much prized. They wear little basket-work caps made from material of several colours.

Many of the women wear a piece of cotton fabric round the waist like a short skirt, but most wear a skirt of banana leaf torn into ribbons about two inches wide. They all tie up their hair with bead necklaces.

The principal food is rice, sweet-potato (*camote*), pig and fowl. To this they add at certain seasons grasshoppers, which they gather in nets. Their favourite intoxicating drink is *basi*, the fermented juice of sugar cane. In taste it resembles port wine. Americans assured me it was a lovely drink to have

a spree on, as it left no unpleasant after effects.

The native town of Bontoc is built on uneven stony ground, with the result that few houses are near the same level. The houses are small, square, about 12 ft. by 15 ft., have earth floors and thatch roof, that projects over the walls about 4 ft. The walls are slabs of pine about 3½ ft. high, but do not reach to the roof; this lets air in and smoke out. Everything inside is grimy with soot, and therefore the native is generally very dirty. A pigsty, partly sunk in the ground, adjoins the house, and, in many instances, a corner of the one overlaps a corner of the other, so that the pig may find shelter from the weather. The sleeping houses of the unmarried girls are generally built over a pigsty. Throughout the native town the smell of pig is omnipresent, but notwithstanding the natives look healthy and happy. The soldiers and the school children who have been given a helping hand and provided with facilities for living decently and keeping themselves clean, seem almost a different people.

Throughout the town are certain places walled round with loose stones, a foot or so high. They form a court to

a roughly constructed building adjoining. Around these places are planted a collection of the most fantastically crooked and knotted pieces of timber to be found. Sometimes bones or bunches of grass are attached to them. These things represent some of their spirits, and the place is a praying or ceremonial ground. When a canyao is in progress, the old men assemble here to pray and sacrifice fowls and pigs, and when a head is taken it is attached to one of the posts. Men, when not working, are to be seen lounging here. The adjoining structure is a sleeping house for the unmarried men. The favourite game of the boys is called *kag-kag-tin*; it consists in playfully fighting and kicking with their bare feet.

Sagada, a Bontoc Igorote town, lies farther up the mountain. Geologically the locality in which it is situated is interesting, for the trail to it winds through and over masses of old coral reef. Huge quantities of it stand weathered and exposed at this great elevation, while cavities in all directions penetrate it to unknown depths. I should think that some day wonderful caves will be found here.

Now and again I saw long files of men carrying spear and shield winding

down the mountain side. They were all making towards Sagada. Sometimes I met them on a cross trail, and stopped to talk and examine their weapons; their reply was only a stolid stare. A present of tobacco made them talk amongst themselves, but they could not understand how they could be of the least interest to me.

Sagada is much like Bontoc on a small scale. There are the same houses and pigsties built over very uneven stony ground. But there are rice terraces right through the town.

When one of these people die, the body is doubled up and dried over a slow fire until it will occupy a very small space. While this drying is going on, there is continual canyaoing. The body is then placed in a box about two feet long, made by hollowing out a log, a lid is fixed on the box, and it is placed upon some almost inaccessible projection, on the face of a cliff.

Some that I photographed were in a deep gorge upon the face of a coral precipice. It was wonderful how the natives got them there, for the rock was sheer for hundreds of feet above and below them. It took me half a day's horrible climbing across jagged coral on the opposite side of the gorge before I could get near enough to snap them.



THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD, SAGADA, BONTOC PROVINCE.

NOTABLE BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

BISMARCK IN WAR.

Bismarck's Letters to His Wife from the Seat of War, 1870-1871. (Jarrold and Sons.) 3s. 6d. net.

This translation of Bismarck's letters from the seat of war makes excellent reading. It is chiefly the domestic Bismarck who appears. In his first letter his chief concern is that his clothes have gone astray and he has not anything fit for the King. Repeatedly he notes the food he eats and the food he misses. And he is constantly recalling his German home. From Versailles he writes :

I fled from the drudgery to-day, and in the calm still autumn air galloped for an hour on Roschen through the long straight Louis XIV. avenues of the park, among murmuring leaves and clipped hedges, by calm shallow ponds and marble gods, and heard nothing human save the rattle of Joseph's sabre behind me. I was overcome at last with home-sickness brought about by the falling leaves and the loneliness among strangers, together with childhood memories of shorn hedges that are no more.

Always his letters breathe love for his wife and daughter, and tender care for his two sons with their regiments. In the midst of all his cares he loses no opportunity of gathering news of his sons, until soldiers smiled on meeting him in expectation of the accustomed inquiry. He charges them as the hour of battle approaches :—

If either of you be wounded, telegraph to me at the King's Headquarters as soon as possible. But not to your mother in the first place.

His elder son did, in fact, get a bad wound in one of the fights around Metz. In other ways, he shows his pride and affection for his boys. No sooner does he reach Mainz, at the very opening of hostilities, than "I used the occasion of Bill's birthday to start a little intrigue to have him made an ensign." And he was very anxious that they should get the Iron Cross. It is surprising how hard the Prussian Prime Minister found it to get these hardly extravagant wishes satisfied. He did not approve the way the crosses were distributed, often with-

out regard to service, or "the Court air in which they grow."

THE GENERAL STAFF.

But clearly he did not get on very well with the generals. He did not like the General Staff, except Roon and "good old sensible Moltke." He had a low opinion of their ability: "The regiments it was who pulled us through—not the generals." He quarrelled violently with them for the delay in bombarding Paris, which he set down to all sorts of dark intrigues. He had Moltke against him there. Moltke thought an assault would cost 1000 men, too heavy a price; although Bismarck protested that "this defensive waiting for hostile sorties, the daily small losses and sickness, have cost us in the last two months about 10,000 men."

His difference with the generals was deeper—political more than military :

They are mad with Imperialism; the success has affected them in their heads, and I am often afraid that this presumptuous self-conceit will be visited upon us.

They left their mark on the treaty of peace :—

Yesterday, at last, we signed; more gained than I think wise, in my personal political calculation. But I have to take into consideration from above and below sentiments which do not make calculations.

All the world knows that he was right in doubting the wisdom of Germany's unrestrained appetite in 1871, and in foreseeing that the Imperialism of that German military party would bring disaster upon their country.

THE DRONES.

Bismarck found the princes as inconvenient as the generals. These drones, with their hosts of attendants, crowded out the workers. "It is truly amazing that these princely spectators should occupy every room, and Roon and myself forced to leave behind our working staff, so that these in-looking Royal

Highnesses should find room with servants, horses and adjutants." The mischief was worse than that: "So many princely imaginations about Germany haunt Headquarters that I cannot leave His Majesty, however difficult it is to deny myself a change from this treadmill work. . . . There is much annoyance, as there will always be wherever there are Princes without work to do." When the outside world thought of him as the master of the fortunes of two empires, he was filled with the sense of his loneliness, and of the ingratitude and the pettiness of those whom he served:—

When one has been a Minister too long, and that, by God's sanction, with some success, one feels distinctly how the cold swamp of jealousy and hatred gradually rises higher and higher to his heart; one makes no new friends, the old ones die, or fall back in ill-humoured modesty, and the coldness from above grows more and more—which is common to the natural history of princes—even the best. All affection needs some response if it is meant to last. In short, I am chilled in spirit, and long to be with you—with you alone, in the country. No healthy heart can tolerate this Court-life for any length of time.

BISMARCK'S IMPRESSIONS.

Of the French he says little that matters in this volume. There is reprinted

the familiar story of his receiving Napoleon after Sedan; of the halt at a lonely workman's cottage—"a powerful contrast with our last meeting of '67 at the Tuileries"; of their conversation, "meagre, as I did not wish to discuss things, which must have a painful effect on this man, cast down as he was by God's almighty hand." His few sentences about the French are summary and contemptuous. Their negotiators he found "so unskilled in business that I have to help them with their work." Only Thiers impressed him. "A foam of ideas rushes irresistibly from him as from the mouth of an open bottle, and tires one's patience, as it prevents one from getting at the real drinkable stuff which is the main thing. Yet he is a fine little fellow, white-haired, worthy and amiable, with good old French manners, and it is very difficult for me to be as hard with him as I have to be." His last picture of France is of the German army filing out of Paris:—

At the sound of the "Retreat" on Thursday, thousands of Parisians followed, arm-in-arm with our soldiers, and at "Helmets off for prayer," took off their hats and said, "Voilà ce que nous manque" and that no doubt was correct.

THE MORALS OF A BEE.

The Mason Bee. By J. H. Fabre. Translated by A. Teixeira de Mattos. (Hodder and Stoughton.) 6s. net.

I can never get away from the feeling that the insect is French. I suppose it is because nobody has dealt with it as a personality rather than an organism except Réaumur and Fabre. I expect, too, that there is a true liveliness about the insect that would have had to be called French in any case, but of that we cannot be certain, since most of us would never have known the insect very intimately if it had not been for these two great Frenchmen. And so, when I see the bee brushing her antennæ quickly before taking to her wings I seem to see M. Porthos flicking away a bit of dust before he pinks an antagonist. An army of ants flinging caterpillars from a tree is a company of Zouaves ridding the world of Bosches. A wasp driven

away from the sugar-bowl cries "C'est égal," and pounces upon the jam.

Possibly M. Fabre, too, would say that his mason bee is French. At any rate, he would not call her a German. When two of them have a quarrel concerning the cell of one of them, he writes:—

Reversing the savage Prussian maxim, "Might is right," among the mason bees right is might, for there is no other explanation of the invariable retreat of the usurper, whose strength is not a whit inferior to that of the real owner.

THE ROOF-BREAKING BEE.

This particular bee happens to be the first insect that attracted the attention of Fabre when as a not very happy schoolmaster he took up the hobby that was to make him famous. It is a magnificent insect, rather like our own black *Anthophora* (which we would warmly

commend to the attention of British schoolmasters). Both are solitary bees, but much given to working in populous colonies. The mason bee plasters its mud on the inner surface of a tiled roof. There the cells are side by side, and heaped one over the other, so that square yards are plastered so thick that not infrequently the whole roof falls under the weight. The naturalist has only to take a few tiles before the bees of the year have hatched in May, and hang them in his own porch, and he will soon have a colony at work under his eyes and available for any experiment.

M. Fabre used to take marked bees about three miles from home to see if they could find their way back. Nothing happened that one would not expect, and we cannot help thinking that the experimenter was laughing at himself and at Darwin, who suggested some of the trials while he carried them out. There is nothing to justify his belief that the bee has a special sense of orientation. But something more interesting and unexpected arises from the experiment.

A bee delayed an unusually long time by the naturalist's attempt to lose her among her own flower-bushes comes home so late that the other masons have given her up. The cell she was at work upon has disappeared, perhaps finished by another bee, perhaps built over. When a bee is in the middle of building a cell, she must finish that one, fill it, put an egg in it, and roof it over before she knows how to begin another. She is set for a chain of work, and cannot work in broken chains. What is she to do in a case like this?

She cannot take another unfinished cell; the law of right is might prevents that. But when a mason has completely finished a cell she forgets all rights of property in it; the next cell occupies her entire attention. So the lost bee can open any finished cell she likes; there is nobody to say her nay. That is what she does. Having opened it she flings out its proper egg, lays one of her own in its place, and rebuilds the roof.

A CELL FOR A CELL.

Most naturalists who saw this would wonder whether it might be a first step

leading to the creation of a new parasite. There is another bee totally unrelated to the mason that provides for its progeny precisely in this way. If a mason bee should get in the habit of laziness, and habitually come back to the colony so late as to find her cell (at last an imaginary one) gone, the whole of her progeny might be brought up in cells that she had not built. In a few generations the habit might become fixed, and a race of out-and-out parasites be created.

M. Fabre, however, will not hear of such a proposition. I think he must believe in special creation. He professes to understand the motive of this bee that tears down another's cell, and he finds it a pure one. It is simply rage, a divine anger against things in general wreaked on the first suitable object. It is a rage that takes more than half a day to expend, for the mortar is very hard, but M. Fabre assures us that for one disappointment the bee only loots one cell. In that respect, at any rate, she is less than Prussian.

And who says "lazy" parasite? Our philosopher reminds us that there is no such thing. The word has been overworked, and indeed was from the first ill-chosen. It is as true to call the lion a parasite of the antelope as the ichneumon fly a parasite of the caterpillar. Each has to find its prey, and slay it, or otherwise overcome it in order to feed her young. That one butchers it where it falls, and the other carries it to another place, makes no difference. It may be a little more meritorious to stab the strong-jawed rose-chaffer than to make provision of a torpid prey incapable of resistance, but "since when has the title of sportsman been denied to him who blows out the brains of a harmless rabbit?"

THE SPLENDID BRIGANDS.

"Handsome does as handsome is" may be as good a proverb as its converse. If we go about with an idea that a hymenopter that lives at the expense of its fellows must be a dowdy, furtive creature, we shall be a long time before we recognise the "parasites." The most brilliant uniforms in the order are worn by these brigands. Everyone knows the jewel-flies (except perhaps Mr. de

Mattos, who translates them *Chrysis*-wasps). There is no name for them but jewel-fly; the thorax is an undoubted emerald, the abdomen a flawless ruby. They are far more gorgeous than any honey-gathering bee, and they spend their lives in a furious, nervy quest of other people's larders. Three other "parasites" achieve the distinction of dressing in coal-black and snow-white. A properly expended energy blazes out through the splendid accoutrements, which, in fact, it has produced. Even their victims recognise these reputed sneak-thieves as something like super-

men. When one of them (a black-and-white one) approaches the sanctum of *Anthophora* (the English black bee) she steps inside and gives it the right of way.

This is one of the most characteristic as well as one of the most charming of the little collections that we have had given us in English. It is a pity that it is not an illustrated library. Just one or two of the photographs used in the paper series of Charles Delagrave would have still more endeared the mason bee to the reader.

ZOOS IN THE MAKING.

From Jungle to Zoo. By Ellen Velvin. (Stanley Paul.) 6s. net.

Most of us know something about the catching of wild animals—they are taken in traps or snares or pits; they are driven or stalked. Generally we leave it at that, and if we think at all of our Zoological Gardens it is as places where we may take the children, properly supplied for our convenience by "the authorities," like swimming baths and electric trams, the water, and the gas. Here, then, is a book about menageries which tells us a lot of interesting things we don't know about the idiosyncrasies of wild beasts and the dangers and difficulties incurred by those who hunt and tame them.

It is quite true about the traps and snares—you set about catching a lion in much the same way as you set about catching a mouse, but there the resemblance ends. The trouble is that your lion is quite as likely to catch you as you are to catch him, unless you are a really extraordinary type of man. Endless patience, pluck, resource, and great sums of money are necessary to start with. Some of the expeditions that set out to capture wild animals for our Zoos are like small armies. For the difficulties are only beginning when you go to the trap and find an animal inside. He has to be got out of the trap, mad with rage and ferocity as he is, caged, and then carried perhaps hundreds of miles to a railway.

BEASTS AT BAY.

The hunter's business is to see a good deal of the animals without their seeing him, and consequently he is in a position to surprise them in their habits. Miss Velvin describes a fight between lions. The prize is a fine lioness, who watches the proceedings from a safe distance. The fight proceeds:—

Meanwhile, the lioness appears to enjoy it thoroughly. Settling herself comfortably on the ground, her head well up, her tail waving to and fro in pleasurable excitement, she never takes her cruel yellow eyes off the combatants until there is a little pause, and then she licks her fore paws reflectively as though she took no interest in anything but herself. She remains like this until the fight has partially taken the first enthusiasm out of its competitors. Then she begins to forget to lick her paws and watches each lion with crafty eyes, meanwhile putting her red tongue in and out slowly, as though considering something. Just as soon, however, as one or two lions show unmistakable signs of defeat, she gets up, waves her tail slowly to and fro, and when the lion who has got the best of the fight stands up and roars she goes up to him, ignoring the others who have fought so bravely for her, and, with a little soft purr, rubs her head insinuatingly against the victor's neck.

Often the best way to catch a large beast such as a lion, tiger, or bear, is to take the young when both father and mother are out foraging. Then, when they return, they search wildly for the missing cubs, and sometimes, though the dangers of the method are apparent, they can be lassoed or tempted into the neighbourhood of traps and pits.

Big apes, in spite of, or perhaps, because, of their intelligence, are exceedingly

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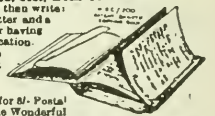
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fierce and treacherous. Yet there are curiously human sides to their dispositions. Miss Velvin says about them:—

All the man-like apes, such as gorillas, orang-utans, and chimpanzees, are not only very highly organised, but extremely sensitive to environment. It is absolutely necessary, in order to keep these big apes in good health, to give them plenty of company, either of their own kind or of men—anything, in fact, to relieve the tedium of captivity, which they undoubtedly feel. With orang-utans or chimpanzees—especially with chimpanzees—it answers perfectly. The orang-utan takes an additional companion in his usual phlegmatic, unemotional manner; the chimpanzee, excitable, quick, and possessing an extraordinarily mercurial temperament, by the addition of a new companion is sent into the wildest state of excitement, and he will thump the floor and walls, scamper round his cage, and scream with delight.

IN CAPTIVITY.

As a rule, beasts captured for menageries, if they arrive in fair condition, are first trained for the circus arena. Training—it is only in very rare cases that wild beasts can be said to be *tamed*—is almost as dangerous a business as catching them. Endless patience is again required; good trainers never leave their animals for long, as it is necessary to accustom them by every possible means to their appearance and presence. Firmness is essential, but no animal was ever trained by cruelty. On the contrary, the only way to get a trick done is to reward the animal liberally with its favourite food immediately after a performance. But, however amiable an animal may be to all ap-

pearance, sooner or later it will probably try to attack its trainer, who may or may not be seriously hurt.

Miss Velvin relates many thrilling instances of animal escapes from captivity. One, at least, is comic, and deserves to be quoted on this account:—

Some time ago, in the Belle Vue Zoological Gardens, Manchester, a leopard one night got out of its cage, and walked about the lion-house sniffing, and evidently very much puzzled. A woman, who was some relation to one of the officials of the gardens, saw it, and most courageously went straight into the lions' house. Lifting up her apron, she "shooed" it as she did her hens and chickens. The animal was so surprised and puzzled that it walked straight back into its cage, and stood quietly looking at her while she fastened him in.

Animals of different species sometimes form surprising friendships. Elephants and ponies have been known to be devoted to each other, and a lion and a terrier were such friends that the lion would even allow the dog to run off with morsels of his food. Selfishness, however, is no more uncommon in animal friendships than in human. One old female ape was devoted to a young chimpanzee, but to the amazement of the keepers the chimpanzee began to waste away visibly. At last it was discovered that the old ape ate every bit of food that was put into the cage, and never gave her young friend a bit. They had to be separated, and the old ape was inconsolable, and shortly afterwards died of grief.

SCHOOL HUMOUR.

The Lighter Side of School Life. By Ian Hay. With Illustrations by Lewis Baumer. (5s. net.)

Mr. Hay's title is a little misleading, for his book is not a mere funny book, but a serious book written in a light way. Take, for instance, his chapters on "Masters—Head, House and Form."

He certainly tells some very comic stories about them; but he does really give a quite sound impression of types and methods. He disports himself—Mr. Baumer ably seconding him, as the papers say—with the conventional idea of a Head Master, a scholarly fogey with paunch, spectacles and cane, who

says, "Now, boys!" But at the same time, in his own delicate impressionistic way, he gives a quite accurate picture of the modern head-master of a great public school—the able ruler of men who has too much business to do to keep his scholarship quite up to date; who teaches very little; and who, in handling his masters and keeping in touch (without the appearance of prying) with everything that goes on in the school, has to exercise a diplomacy that would carry him far in the larger world. Mr. Hay, who has obviously been a master himself, is the public-school spirit incarnate—the tinge of inoffensive snobbery

included. Every page in his book takes one back to school (for a true description of one public school is, in essentials, a true description of all), to the studies and the nets, the form-rooms in winter, the corridors, the house dining-room, to Mr. X, who had eyes in the back of his head, and Mr. Y, who was slightly deaf, and was mercifully "rotted" in consequence by his form of juniors. Mr. Hay's illustrative dialogues all ring true, and his anecdotes are typical; but one of the best of the latter is not a school story at all, but a university one. It occurs in the pages on "Cribbing," of which, as he rightly remarks, all school-boys know two kinds, one defensible and the other one mean:—

There was once a Freshman at Cambridge whose name began with M. This accident of nomenclature placed him during his Little Go examination in the next seat to a burly

young man whom he recognised with a thrill of awe as the President of the C.U.B.C., whose devotion to aquatic sports had so far prevented him from clearing the academic fence just mentioned, and who now, at the beginning of his third year, was entering, in company with a collection of pink-faced youths fresh from school, upon his ninth attempt to satisfy the examiners in Part One of the Previous Examination.

Our friend, having completed his first paper, quitted the Senate House and returned to his rooms, to fortify himself with luncheon before the next. During the progress of that meal, a strange gyp called upon him, and proffered a note mysteriously.

"From Mr. M——, sir," he said, mentioning the name of the Freshman's exalted neighbour in the examination-room.

The Freshman opened the note with trembling fingers. Was it possible that he had been singled out as a likely oar already?

The note was brief, but it was to the point. It said:

"Dere Sir,

Please write larger.

Yours truly,

J. M——."

PERSIAN JOURNALISM.

The Press and Poetry of Modern Persia.

By Edward G. Browne, M.A., M.B., F.B.A., F.R.C.P. (University Press, Cambridge). 12s. net.

Once more Professor Browne has done good service to Persia. This book is a companion volume to the author's "History of the Persian Revolution," both in appearance and content, and reveals the intellectual awakening which accompanied the aspirations of Persia towards constitutional government and nationhood.

It is in four parts: the first being the translator's preface, which gives a masterly survey of modern Turkish and Arabic (Egyptian), as well as Persian literature, with brief biographical notices of the poets and other writers who have helped to make progressive history in their respective countries.

The second part is translated from a compilation by Mirza Muhammad Ali Khan, "Tarbiyat," and deals with the Persian press, which came into existence during that too brief period of liberty after the deposition of the ex-Shah. Examples are given of the satiric, comic, and derisive illustrations, which are in themselves proofs of the extraordinary likeness between East and West in mat-

ters of modern politics. As may be imagined, Russian aggressions figure largely in these cartoons, and the expulsion of Mr. W. Morgan Shuster is also dealt with.

The third part of the book contains specimens of the political and patriotic poetry of modern Persia in the original, with admirable translations. The first poem, however, belongs to a former period, but is given here to show the prophetic spirit of the writer, who foresaw the Anglo-Russian understanding of today. The more recent poems are either the cry of a helpless and oppressed people—the kind of verse in which Ireland used to be supreme—or else stirring appeals to gallant action:—

He is a man who shuts his lips and stretches out his arm.

A few express rejoicing over the downfall of the tyrant, and others welcome the Constitution and the dawn of liberty. Many have the lilt of a street-ballad, and have refrains which must have provoked laughter in the hearers.

An appendix gives, as a fourth part, a brief Chronology of the Persian Revolution from December, 1905, to April, 1912. So terrible is the record of vio-

THE COLONIAL BANK OF AUSTRALASIA LIMITED.

The FORTY-FOURTH REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS OF THE COLONIAL BANK OF AUSTRALASIA LIMITED.

To be Presented to the Shareholders at the Forty-fourth Ordinary General Meeting to be held at the Bank, 126 Elizabeth Street, at Noon on Thursday, 29th April, 1915.

The Directors beg to submit to the Shareholders their Forty-fourth Report, with a Balance Sheet and Statement of Profit and Loss for the Half-year ended 31st March, 1915, duly audited.

After providing for expenses of management, interest accrued on deposits, rebate on bills current, tax on note circulation, income tax, land taxes, and making provision for bad and doubtful debts, the net profit amounted to

Brought forward from 30th September, 1914

Which the Directors propose to apportion as follows, viz.:	£34,651 17 4
Dividend at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum on Preference Shares	£10,641 10 9
Dividend at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum on Ordinary Shares	4,733 5 6
To Reserve Fund (making it £240,000)	10,000 0 0
To Officers' Provident Fund	1,000 0 0
Balance carried forward	8,277 1 1
	£34,651 17 4

The Dividend will be payable at the Head Office on and after the 30th April, and at the Branches on receipt of advice.

The Forty-fourth Ordinary General Meeting of Shareholders will be held at the Head Office of the Company, 126 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne, on Thursday, the 29th day of April, 1915, at noon.

By order of the Board.

SELBY PAXTON,

General Manager.

BALANCE SHEET OF THE COLONIAL BANK OF AUSTRALASIA LIMITED.

For the Half Year Ending 31st March, 1915. (Including London Office to 27th February, 1915.)

Dr.		By		Cr.
To Capital Paid Up, viz.:		By Coin, Bullion, Australian Notes and Cash		
31,184 Preference Shares paid in cash to £9 15s. per share	£304,044 0 0	at Bankers	£1,055,870 6 7	
77,278 Ordinary Shares paid in cash to £1 15s. per share	135,236 10 0	British Consols, £70,668 15s. 2d. at £66 10s. per cent., £46,994 14s. 5d.; by Victorian Gov- ernment Stock and Debentures, Metropolitan Board of Works and Municipal Debentures, £54,163 10s. 4d.	101,158 4 9	
Reserve Fund	£439,280 10 0	Bills and Re- mittances in transit and in London	861,936 5 0	
Profit and Loss	240,000 0 0	Notes and Bills of other Banks	4,076 5 10	
	24,651 17 4	Balances due from other Banks	31,898 12 8	
Notes in Circulation	£703,932 7 4	Stamps	1,493 11 3	
Bills in Circulation	19,108 0 0		£2,056,433 6 1	
Balances due to other Banks	209,023 12 3	Real Estate, consisting of—		
Government Deposits—	622 2 11	Bank Premises	188,839 10 10	
Not bearing in- terest, £39,932		Other Real Estate	8,244 13 0	
13s. 10d.; bear- ing interest, £374,227 7s. 9d.	£414,160 1 7	Bills Discounted and Other Ad- vances, exclusive of provision for Bad and Doubtful Debts	2,862,841 14 1	
Other Deposits, Rebate and Interest Ac- crued—		Liabilities of cus- tomers and others in re- spect of con- tingent liabil- ities, as per contra	£5,116,359 4 0	
Not bearing interest, £1,729,820 17s. 11d.; bearing interest, £2,039,692 2s.	3,769,512 19 11			
	4,183,673 1 6			
	£5,116,359 4 0			
Contingent Lia- bilities, as per contra	£259,018 2 6			

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

To Current Expenses (including Sala- ries, Rents, Stationery, etc.)	£36,483 11 11	By Balance brought forward	£6,334 14 9
Note, Income and Land Taxes	2,528 2 11	Gross Profits for the Half Year, after allowing for Interest Ac- crued on Deposits, Rebate on Bills Current, and making pro- vision for Bad and Doubtful Debts	67,328 17 5
Transfer to Reserve Fund	10,000 0 0		
Balance	24,651 17 4		
	£73,663 12 2		£73,663 12 2

RESERVE FUND ACCOUNT.

To Balance	£240,000 0 0	By Balance brought forward	£230,000 0 0
		Transfer from Profit and Loss	10,000 0 0
	£240,000 0 0		£240,000 0 0

NOTE.—The customary Auditors' Report and the Directors' Statement, to comply with the "Companies Act," appear on the official report.

Australian Mutual Provident Society.

RESULTS OF YEAR 1914.

The Sixty-sixth Annual Report just issued shows

Over One Million Sterling Divided as Cash Bonuses.

Reduced Expense Rate.

Increased Rate of Interest Earned. Strengthened Reserves.

NEW ASSURANCES ISSUED—

Ordinary Department,	£6,563,369	
Industrial Department,	£968,892	
		£7,532,261

ASSURANCES IN FORCE, with Bonuses—

Ordinary Department,	£100,894,139	
Industrial Department,	£4,212,942	
		£105,107,081

ACCUMULATED FUNDS	£33,289,974
ANNUAL INCOME	£4,493,535
CASH BONUS FOR THE YEAR	£1,026,138

The whole of which will be divided among the holders of ordinary participating policies in force at the close of last year, representing over 39 per cent. of the premiums received during 1914.

Since its establishment, the Society has paid to members or their beneficiaries **OVER £42,000,000** sterling.

A policy effected now in this purely Mutual Institution will ensure a share of this year's cash bonus.

RICHARD TEECE, F.I.A., F.F.A., F.S.S.,

General Manager and Actuary,

Head Office, 87 Pitt Street, Sydney,

15th April, 1915.

H. W. APPERLY,

Secretary.

lence and treachery, one would despair of Persia ever regaining her independence did one not remember that nationality once engendered is a most difficult thing to kill, and that the dawn of liberty in every country has been for

shorter or longer periods overcast with clouds. We can but hope that Professor Browne may live to see these clouds dispersed in Persia, and the work of progress and reform carried on to its completion.

HELIGOLAND LIGHTHOUSE.

The most important lighthouse at the present time, says *The Millgate Monthly*, so far as actual operations are concerned, is the light of Heligoland, from the fact that it is centred in the very heart of the naval war zone. Heligoland was ceded by Great Britain to Germany in 1890, in return for concessions made to Britain in East Africa. . . . The Heligoland light is an electric one, and the most powerful in Germany, and is claimed by the Germans to be the most powerful light in existence. The light consists of a cluster of three re-

volving lights, having a lighting power of 40,000,000 candles, a magnitude of light which from figures alone is hard and difficult to realise. The lights are on the searchlight principle, and the cluster is surmounted by a single light of the same kind and size, that can be revolved independently, and three times as fast as the three lights. The single light is put into use in case of accident to the cluster of three. The electric power is generated by two steam-engines, and boilers, running belt-driven electric generators.

THE COLONIAL BANK OF AUSTRALASIA LTD.

A perusal of the balance-sheet of the Colonial Bank of Australasia Ltd. for the half-year ended 31st March last shows that, notwithstanding that it covers the period of the war, the bank has had a successful half-year. The net profit for the term was £28,317, as compared with £28,224 the previous half-year. A dividend of 7 per cent. per annum on both preference and ordinary shares has been declared, £10,000, added to the reserve fund, making £20,000 for the year, and £1000 transferred to the officers' provident fund. The reserve fund now amounts to the substantial sum of £240,000. The management is to be congratulated on the satisfactory results of the half-year, notwithstanding the war and the drought. The following comparison of the balance-sheet figures for the past three half-years is interesting :—

	March 31, 1914. £	Sept. 30, 1914. £	March 31, 1915. £
Capital	439,280	439,280	439,280
Reserve	220,000	230,000	240,000
Profit and loss balance	20,860	22,710	24,652
Notes in circulation . .	680,140	691,990	703,932
Bills in circulation . .	20,163	19,600	19,108
Balances due to other banks	386,067	157,126	209,024
Deposits	6,913	12,731	622
	4,026,325	3,844,755	4,183,673
	5,119,608	4,726,202	5,116,359
Cash items, public securities, and bills in transit	2,078,787	1,474,507	2,056,433
Property	195,606	196,683	197,034
Advances	2,845,215	3,055,012	2,862,842
	5,119,608	4,726,202	5,116,359

The financial strength of the bank is evidenced from the above, where, for the last term, it is seen that the liquid assets, consisting of cash items, public securities and bills on transit amount to £2,056,433, which is more than sufficient to pay all the current accounts and other liabilities at call.

A notice of the annual report of the A.M.P. will appear in our next issue.

THE OVER SEAS CLUB.

OBJECTS.

1. To help one another.
2. To render individual service to our Empire, if need be to bear arms.
3. To insist on the vital necessity to the Empire of British supremacy on the sea.
4. To draw together in the bond of comradeship the peoples now living under the folds of the British flag.

The Over Seas' Club is strictly non-party, non-sectarian, and recognises no distinction of class. Its members reside in all parts of the world *outside* the United Kingdom. Membership is open to any British subject, British-born or naturalised.

Information concerning the Over Seas Club can be obtained from the following:—
Hon. Secretaries, Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, Hobart, and Pinjarrah (W.A.)



THE ENERGETIC COMMITTEE OF THE HOBART BRANCH.

Sitting (left to right): Miss Ash, Mrs. H. L. Roberts (President Ladies' Committee), Mr. H. T. Gould, J.P. (President), Mr. S. Dobson Hesp (Hon. Sec.), Miss Gray.
Standing: Mr. Alf. J. Cox, junr., Mr. S. T. Ellis, Mr. A. W. Courtney-Pratt (Vice-President), Mr. R. Morris, Mrs. S. Dobson Hesp, Mr. J. R. Grove, J.P.

Many of the branches are interesting themselves in the Aircraft Fund, and in New Zealand, Queensland and Tasmania the other funds in connection with the war continue to be augmented. Pressure of space prevents a detailed account of the doings of the vari-

ous branches. This, however, we hope to give next month, and would remind secretaries that reports to be included in the magazine must reach us by the twentieth of the month.

There is Nothing Better than

HEARNE'S Bronchitis Cure

For COUGHS, COLDS on the CHEST,
CROUP and WEAK LUNGS

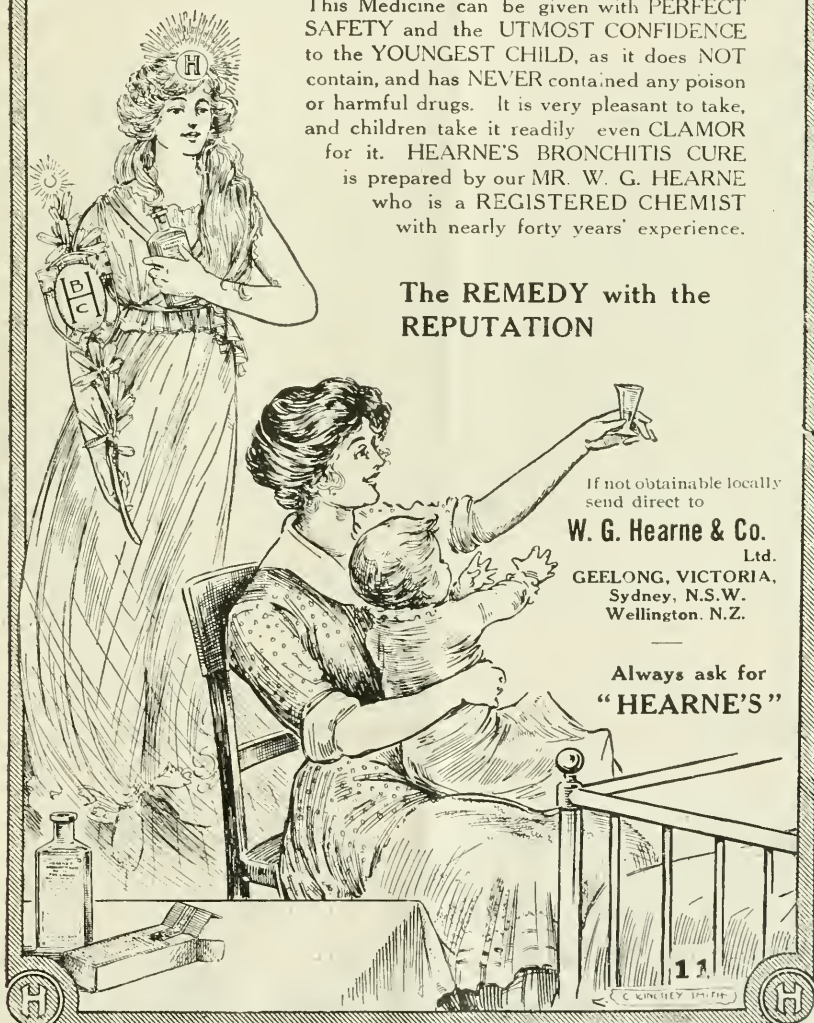
This Medicine can be given with PERFECT SAFETY and the UTMOST CONFIDENCE to the YOUNGEST CHILD, as it does NOT contain, and has NEVER contained any poison or harmful drugs. It is very pleasant to take, and children take it readily even CLAMOR for it. HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE is prepared by our MR. W. G. HEARNE who is a REGISTERED CHEMIST with nearly forty years' experience.

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REPUTATION

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GEELONG, VICTORIA,
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representative men and women throughout
the world.**

**Entire proceeds from sale of the Book go to the
Belgian Relief Fund.**

KING ALBERT'S BOOK contains perhaps more illustrious names than have ever before been inscribed within the covers of a single volume. Statesmen (beginning with the Prime Minister and the President of the French Republic), eminent ecclesiastics, soldiers, sailors, scholars, preachers, teachers, authors, artists, and composers from nearly all the great countries of the world—Great Britain and its wide Empire—have contributed to its pages, each giving of his own kind—the statesman an inspiring message, the soldier and sailor a thrilling word of cheer, the preacher a word of comfort, the scholar a word of wisdom, the poet, the artist and the composer an uplifting and kindling song, story, picture or piece of music.

Rarely in the long history of books can it have occurred that some of the highest representatives of so many great races have drawn so close together in a common cause. Rarely has literature presented a more significant sign of world brotherhood than KING ALBERT'S BOOK provides.

Merely as an autograph album KING ALBERT'S BOOK is, perhaps, one of the most interesting volumes ever issued from the press, for every contribution bears its author's name at least in facsimile; but the value of its substance transcends even the distinction of its form. Great events call forth great talents, and many of the contributions to KING ALBERT'S BOOK are of an excellence that has hardly ever before been attained by their illustrious authors.

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Is Antwerp the Greatest Sea Port in the Whole World?
Does a Torpedo Actually Pierce the Side of the Vessel?
What is the Difference Between an Airship and an Aeroplane?
Are the Decisions of a Prize Court Final?
What does Australia Buy from Germany?
What is Germany's Total Production of Grain?
How Many Rounds Can a Great Gun Fire Before Wearing Out?
Can Dreadnoughts Enter the Baltic?
Was Alsace Lorraine Always French Until 1871?
What was the Cost of the Recent Reconstruction of the Kiel Canal?
Will the Armour of Modern Dreadnoughts Protect Them?
What is the War About?
Is the Scheldt a Dutch or a Belgian River?
Is France or Germany the Better Customer of England?
How Rapidly does a Quick-Firing Gun Fire?
What is the Difference Between a Zeppelin and a Parseval?
What Battleships has Greece?
What are Australia's Exports to Germany?
How is a Zeppelin Armed?
What is the Submarine's Motive Power when Submerged?
How Are the Various Honours a Man has had Given Him Shown after His Name?

Post Free, 3d. each.

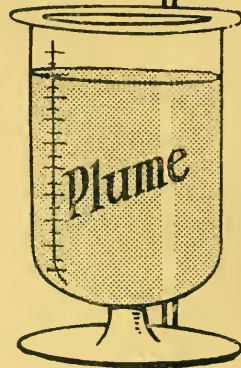
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contains 12,500
heat units.

1 lb. of
Plume Benzine
contains 20,500
heat units.



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the number of heat units —

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Motor Fuel in the world

Vacuum Oil Co. Pty. Ltd.

Throughout the Commonwealth and New Zealand